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[4]

DEVOT  
RHAPSODIES:

IN VVHICH,  
Is Treated, of the Excellencie of Divine  
SCRIPTVRES.

ALSO,

GOD, His { Attributes.  
Plurality of Persons.  
Absolute Monarchie.

ANGELS, { Good, } Their Power.  
Bad, }

How the Bad { Fell.  
Tempt Man.

MAN, His { Fall.  
Beatitude.

Of {

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By J: A: RIVERS.

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*Hec omnia Liber Vita ( Continet ) & Testamentum Altissimi, & agnitio  
Veritatis. ECCLES. 44.*

LONDON,

Printed by *Thomas Harper*, for *Daniel Frere*, and are to be sold at  
his Shop, at the Red Bull in Little Brittain.





## To the Reader.



Hy according to the custome of the present, and former ages, I have not dedicated this Poeme to some particuler person, my motive was, because I am engaged to many, and therefore would pay obligations to many: To others though not much knowne yet to their worth, and vertue, I would give a testimony, and expresse affection, and performe all these more then with a ceremonious letter which though in the choicest words, are like, at least no more then Trojans Wall-flowers, as our Constantine in derision of that Emperours too frequent inscriptions on City wals, gates and bridges, adagis'd: For whereas the former are but Innes of memory, fame, and affection; written volumes especially in Greek and Latin (if good) are Mausoleums, Pyramids, constant habitations and dwelling Palaces for fame love, and gratitude. In adressing the Sermons to particular personages, I did not think much election was necessary, distribution of Poems being like sitting at a round Table, where the placing of the salt makes not the upper end of the Board; and great Augustus by his owne Minions Virgil and Horace, was often saluted after meane Gentlemen of Rome.

Being for many yeares detained in a miserable and chargable Prison, to divert my minde from too serious thoughts of publick and private calamities, made me undertake this employment. The publick griefes were the condition of these lamentable times wherein our Nation hath imitated that man of whom Gerson the Chancellor of Paris makes mention, that seeing a flie on his friends forehead, with an axe (intending to kill the poore flie) dasht out his unfortunat friends braines; such have been the cares in Civil and Ecclesiasticall affaires; both the Church and Commonwealth being more rent, and distracted by these irreligious, and

To the Reader.

uncivill combustions, both made more diseased and Epidemically sick, by these unnaturall, and desperate remedies.

Private griefes were, that being with diverse noble Gentlemen for six yeares prisoner in a comfortlesse, and chargable Goale, our meanes of livelihood taken away, our friends impoverished, or altogether undone, by plunderings, sequestrations, compositions, and imprisonments: Notwithstanding, contrary to the Lawes of God, which forbid, Exod. 23. to boyle the Kid in the milke of the Damme; contrary to the Lawes of this Realme, which though severe enough, yet provide, that any may freely relieve, and support any person of our profession being in prison: Contrary to the honour of this Nation, to the dignity of this City, the authority of the Sheriffs, to whose care and charge, this prison is by his Majesty concredited: Contrary to all our hopes and expectations of the subjects rights, and liberties, the vindication and assertion whereof have by so many Vowes, Covenants, and Declarations, been promised, sworne and avowed: Finally contrary to all these Lawes and Titles, which have, and should make Bidentals reverend, and bestow immunity on them; the efficacie and equity of which Lawes Mr. Pym (reputed a great patriot) with such Eulogiums extols, that the sacred Majestie of great Brittain, (who

Though now in clouds, yet he shall shine more bright,

Then petty Comets, that eclipse his light)

with approbation hath vouchsafed twice to mention them: I say notwithstanding all these Laws, titles, hopes, and expectations we even in prison have beene diverse times plundered, our bookes, though bought publickly, and allowed to bee sold by authority, as English Bibles, English Chronicles, Grammars, Virgils, and the like, most injuriously (may not I say feloniously?) taken from us, and for monies redeemed, againe with the same violence and injustice retaken by those Harpies of the Common wealth, and for more monies redelivered, though some to this day most unjustly detained.



## To the Reader.

*detained Our slender householdstuffe pilfered, our chambers filled considerable summes of money (which should have protracted the miserable life of above forty captivated persons) seased on; for want of which, many Gentlemen of birth, & heretofore of quality, have been thrust into the Common Goale, where they, and diverse others in the other severall wards, have dyed in much want and misery. We have made our addresses, if not for justice, yet for compassion, but our mediators & presenters of our petitions (though read in Curia) were examined, if they were not of our profession; and being threatned as Malignants, have been deterred from further prosecution in our behalfe, and so all supplications, and expectations have been rendred fruitlesse.*

*'Tis one of Senecas Gnomicall, and commended distributions, that Magna pars viæ elabitur malè agentibus, maxima nihil agentibus, tota aliud agentibus: By which division (if right) my writing this Poem may be censur'd: Howsoever, I may professe some part of my study and care, in the prosecution of it, hath been as to offend no Religion, so no Person: and therefore my hopes are that no particuler will proclaime himselfe so much faulty, as being not accused, he will take exceptions.*

Some faults escaped in the printing, may be so amended.

Page 1. for seald, read sealed. p. 3. for history, r histories. p. 7. for silly prophane, r. since prophaner. p. 10 for living, r lining p. 12. for weapon, r. weapons p. 24 for know, r. knew. p. 28. for alterations, r. altercations. p. 36. for God, r. good p. 57. for before, r. fore. p. 6. for precious stones, r. pibble stones.

To his honoured Friend, Mr. Rivers,  
Upon his Holy Rhapsodies.

**V**V Ho's this? who like the rosy-fingred Morne,  
Is thus from Mountaine unto Mountaine borne:  
Whose mystick locks charg'd with the drops of nights,  
On us below hurle beames enrich't with lights?  
Is it that soule, which having Jordan past,  
Pure Jordan, made such an ambitious hast  
To passe like Israel through the bloody maine,  
In hope another Baptisme to obtaine?  
It is the same, whose Rhapsodies unfold,  
Sweet Raptures, Raptures which in cups of gold,  
To us Celestiall Constellations hold.  
Would all thus Poetize, who would refuse,  
To celebrate the straines of such a Muse?

George Fortescue,

To his honoured Friend, Mr. Rivers,  
upon his excellent Poemes, the Devout  
Rhapsodies.

**M**ysterious Rivers, whose each sacred lyne,  
Shewes that thy Muse is absolute Divine;  
And cannot with impurity be stain'd,  
Or with obscene conceptions be propain'd.  
But in Meanders, holy turnes, and windes,  
Delightfull to thine owne, and Readers mindes.  
He that will give thee a deserved praise,  
Must crowne thy head with groves, not boughes of bayes.

James Yate,

To



To my much honoured and Candid  
Friend, Mr. *Abbot. alias Rivers*, upon  
his Devout Rhapsodies.

VV As thy Quill made oth' towring Eagles wing,  
Who soaring in the bosome of his King,  
Saw what was done in Heaven? straight thence descends,  
And sings our Churches lot, and state of Fiends.  
Thy Poeme speakes all these, which I reade ore,  
With wonder and delight, but which was more,  
I know not of these two, and dare proclaime,  
Who understand it, will commend the same.  
Nor doe I envy it, because 'tis thine,  
Yet were vovves potent; I could wish it mine.

*Ad eundem Decasticon.*

Q Uale tuum pectus, quæ Musa humana superna,  
Dum pariter lustrans, Tartareasque domus?  
Cælicolas cantat cives, ipsumque sedentem,  
In folio Dominum; Terrigenasque Deos.  
(Hinc amor invitat justos ad præmia terret,  
(Dum legitur) scelerei debita, pæna malos.)  
Sed benè cum cantas hæc omnia; sperne quid ausint,  
In Librum Rabies invida, tempus redax.  
Scilicet hæc Thamesis, resonabunt carmina Ripæ,  
Dum placido Thamesis, murmure Lympha fluit.

George Cox.

To my worthy, and learned Friend,  
Mr. Rivers, after the reading of his  
Religious Rhapsodies.

**T**Hat thou in noblest straines of Poesie,  
Do'st teach the myst'ries of Theologie:  
And raisest humane soules from sordid earth,  
Up to that blest place, whence they take their breath.  
I leave to them whose learned spirits know,  
How best their knowledge, and thy praise to show.  
And onely saying, I the Work admire,  
Wish that all those who Christian bayes desire,  
With just attention, and cleare sight would looke,  
Each houre, or day, on thy sweet, mystick booke:  
So they, reform'd by vertue of thy Muse,  
No more shall Wit, and Poesie abuse.

John Chapperline.

To my deare Friend, Mr. Rivers, upon  
his Rhapsodies.

**H**ow often write I Verses? often teare  
My Verses? stil imagining they were,  
Unworthy thy brave Muse? begin againe:  
And search in every corner of my braine?  
Barraine; I bite my Pen; my servants rate,  
When the fault lies not in them, but my Pate.  
Shall I who have so many Verses writ,  
In every Theme imployd my active wit;  
And having promis'd Verses, not performe  
What I have promis'd? here againe I storme,  
Yet reassume my Quill: write: All men know;  
That to my noble Friend I Verses owe:  
Protest against my selfe, so great's the summe,  
Of thy due praise, my Muse is banquerout, Dumb.

H. W.





## DEVOVT RHAPSODIES.

To the Right Honourable, *Philip*  
*Herbert*, Earle of *Pembroke* and *Mont-*  
*gomerie*; And to the Lord *Philip*  
*Herbert* his Son.

### *Liber Primus.*

#### *Sermo Primus.*

#### The Argument.



*As branches doe the Roote, Rivers obey*  
*The Ocean, smaller lines their tribute pay,*  
*And homage to the Centre, as the Sreames*  
*Shot from the Sun confesse themselves his Beames;*  
*So must all Authors, all prescriptions fall*  
*Vnto the scripture as Originall.*

*Wrangling Philosophers may boast,*  
*The Scriptures only speake the Holy Ghost.*  
*Their Schooles decay, what's grounded on our Texts*  
*Shall flourish, maugre Gentilisme, and Sects.*



Ur sacred Volumes are the seald springs, (things  
 Where choifest Nymphs, as they of heavenly  
 Sing ditties, bath themselves: from the white  
 Of Liban issues this perennall Fount,

B

(Mount  
 Which

*Cant. 4.*

Which proves an Ocean where the silly sheepe  
 May wade securely, yet the same's so deepe,  
 The Elephant may swim, and if he range  
 Too far be swallowed in the Gulfe: so strange  
 And perilous are these streames. Was not a Wave,  
 Nestorius venturde on Nestorius grave?  
 And did not Arrius perish in these seas,  
 Whilst he durst saile midst the profundities.  
 And wanted a sure Pilot: What Saint Paul  
 Hath preach'd and writ to instruct and save us all,  
 Turnes to the ruine of illiterate men,  
 As they pervert the meaning of his pen.  
 Who prie too neerely into Majesty,  
 Strucke purblind by the raies of glory die.

'Tis true: Pharphar and Abana are streames  
 Of Syria; but if leproous Naaman dreames,  
 Theile cleanse his spots he erres, and must obey  
 The Prophet, and to Jordan take his way:  
 There glide the waters which he washing in,  
 Shall cure his leprousie, and cleanse his skin.  
 Poems must from this Chrystall Torrent spring,  
 Else theyle, as did those bitter waters bring  
 Diseases to the Drinker. Wanton bookes,  
 Hurt foules, as did the bodie Maras brookes,  
 Like dangerous Basiliskes a passage finde  
 To dart their poyson at the inveigled minde.

What? Are our Rills drunke up? Our fountains dry?  
 That wee must to such durty puddles fly,  
 First shall no Tapers grace the spangled heaven,  
 The rough Alps lye as the smooth Vallies even:  
 Ere who are conversant in sacred writ,  
 Shall faile of Themes to exercise their wit.  
 Are not the Fire, the Aire, the Earth, the Seas,  
 The Spheres, the Saints, th' Angels above all these,  
 A still supplying Subject? then to wade  
 In the Divine Idas whence God made  
 Of nothing every thing, and with one word,  
 Could existence to all he made afford.



*Devout Rhapsodies.*

The Birth, the Infancy of this Vast Frame,  
Increase, decrease, restoring of the same.  
All Sciences of things above, below,  
(More then Philosophy did ever know)  
Are objects of Gods Booke, and easily yield  
To all invention a most spacious field.

Wee grant prophaner Authours have given Rules  
Of living well, kept open natures scholes :  
But this booke Gentilisme exceeds as far  
As the bright Sun at Noone some lesser Star.  
Why doe wee study ? Wherefore are wee joyn'd  
So fiercely in dispute ? To adorne the minde  
With Truthes, and as the flint and Steele conspire  
In issuing forth the Element of fire ;  
By joynt collision, so from much bickerings  
In disputation Aletheia springs.  
Volve and revolve your Sages Volumes, you  
Shall not be certaine one opinion's true  
Amongst one hundred. What their Historie ?  
Patcht up with idle fables and with lies.  
What's noxious there our Scripture reprehends,  
What's crooked rectifies, what's faulty mends ;  
What's good makes better, and you neede not feare  
Any report or false position there.  
Millions of Lines about this Circle are,  
And though they mutually may seeme to square,  
And contrary as East to West, the South  
To North ; yet all meete in the Centre Truth.

What can be thought or writ by any quill,  
Is in our Bible specified, and still  
New matter drawes the curious Reader on,  
And makes the Learned to reflect upon  
The sense of deeper Mysteries, as he sees  
Heere wondrous actions done: and out of these  
Drawes morall applications, and can fly  
To Allegorie, and Anagogie.  
From the same words and deeds quadripartite,  
Senses are fetcht, and every one is right.

*St. Austin.  
lib. de Doctr.  
Christiana.*

Who but the Mother of us all Gods minde  
 Could in few words such stronge allusions finde?  
 And then what hee hath in Ænigma's put,  
 Make curious wits enucleat the Nut?  
 G O D is a copious Magazin; men are  
 The dispensatours of his precious ware,  
 And heeres such plenty that from every clause,  
 New mysteries the ingenious Reader drawes.

Goe juggling Mountebanks, cry up your toyes  
 Amongst the Rustiks, Idiots, Girles, and Boyes.  
 Yee winding Sophisters expose your trash,  
 Wrangling Philosophers together clash.  
 Frame Sophismes, Syllogismes, describe, devide,  
 Bring in essentials to define, decide  
 By Demonstrations Problemes. What's all this  
 To what we are made for, everlasting blisse?  
 Study foure yeeres the ten Predicaments,  
 Meane while forget the ten Commandements;  
 What profits Stoicisme? What Plato's wit  
 To your salvation? What the Stagyrīt?  
 That Cynik Sage expresses, though heele hide  
 In's Tub, and currish manners far more pride  
 Then Plato in his Pompe. He who gave rules  
 To Courtiers, had a Cæsar in his Schooles  
 For a Disciple, found another way  
 How Princes Gnomically should write and say,  
 With some Atheistik Documents spoiles all,  
 Commending such who on their owne swords fall,  
 And with a violent Fate themselves deliver,  
 From paine or shame, for such shall live for ever  
 In paine, and shame. These wilemen are commended  
 Where they are not: but their pains shal nere be ended  
 Where they are. Lets aske where are their followers  
 Who to defend their marcid Axioms vow? (now?  
 Who now adore strict Zeno's Apathie?  
 Who for smooth Epicure will Champions be?  
 Where are Diogenes scholars that can scrub,  
 Sleepe, wake, eate, drinke, live, die; All in one Tub?

*St. August.  
 Laudantur  
 ubi non sunt  
 cruciantur  
 ubi sunt.*

Contented



*Devout Rhapsodies.*

5

Contented with a scrip, a diih, a staffe,  
More mad themselves at others madnesse laugh?  
Surely such men have been; and made a shew  
Of Learning, had Disciples, and did know  
Something indeed, although not much; but what?  
Is it Times fault? All almost are forgot.

No time is blamelesse, for a Bastard sproute,  
Though watred much feld fixes a deepe roote.

Sap. 4.

Our Scripture is a more Celestiall seed,  
Not Philosophik Darnell, or that weed  
That growes in one day, in the following fades;  
But planted by Gods hand, shootes forth, the blades  
Increases so, that in the branches rest

Your towring Eagles, and make them their Nest.

(Our glorious Doctours o're whose head a Dove  
Hovers, and dictates Lines of Wit and love)

Wit in expounding Mysteries of our Faith,  
Love, urging to performe what Scripture saith.)  
From bough to bough these soaring Eagles spring,  
Chanting the Trophees of their slaughtred King  
Who (by his passion worthy made) reveal'd  
This Sacramentall Volume seven times seal'd.

Apoc. 5.

For our Lambe butcher'd, streight the Vale was rent,  
Which 'twixt the Temple, and the *HOLIEST* went.

The Tables, Aarons Rod, and Manna there

Mat. 27.

Relerv'd, by immolated *JESUS* were

Luc. 23.

To be brought forth, the Law more plainly taught,  
Grace freelier givē, deeds more prodigious wrought.

Heb. 9.

Num. 17.

These Tables, and what appertains to them (Realme.

Were preach'd, were taught, receiv'd in every

These are the silly graines of Mustard-seed,

That tasted once such operations breed.

Mat. 13.

Converted Nations, builded Churches, and

Planted soule-saving faith in every Land.

How is it possible poore Fishermen  
Should convert Nations, erect Temples, then  
Leave their Disciples, who when they were dead,  
This saving Doctrine every where should spread?

Be Trumpets and the Pipes of heavenly grace,  
 And in all Regions *7 E S U S* Banners place :  
 Be dayly Actors of stupendious things,  
 Maugre all Sects, and persecuting *K I N G S* :  
 First do's the Synagogue recalcitrate  
 Against this Progresse with intestine hate.  
 But Truth prevailing, the Apostles shall  
 Interre her in a glorious Funerall,  
 And joyntly every Ceremonious Rite  
 Takes sweetrepose in darkenesse, but delight.  
 Then Pagan Kefars dreading th' overthrow  
 Of their false Gods, against the true *G O D* shew  
 Their indignation, and with fire and sword  
 Pursue, destroy Professours of his Word  
 Reveal'd, and writ : But as did Aarons Rod  
 Turn'd to a Serpent by the hand of God,  
 Devoure the Sorcerers Wands by Magick spells,  
 Also made Serpents, yet not tumid swells,  
 So this divipellie-vigorous Mustard-seed  
 Shall eat up, and hath swallowed every weed,  
 That through the world by Gentilisme was sowne,  
 (Their Doctrines, Phanes, and Idols overthrowne.)  
 No honours now to Molech, Camos given,  
 None to Astarthe, and the Hoasts of Heaven.  
 Their maimed Dagon falls before the Arke,  
 Do's Hamon bleate now ? Do's Anubis barke ?  
 Paphus and Cyprus no more Venus follow,  
 No doubtfull answers uttered by Apollo.  
 These have, all Sects successively must perish,  
 Our heavenly seede eternally shall flourish.



To the Right Honorable, *William,*  
Lord Powis, and Sir Percie Herbert his Son.

*Sermo Secundus.*

The Argument.

Wee meane to treat of G O D; what shall wee take  
For Essence, and a Definition make?  
Can he who no waies will be circumscrib'de,  
By any termes of Learning be describ'de?  
Can he be specifice by words of Art?  
When thought cannot imagine the least part  
Of his perfections. Yet wee something write  
From Gods owne Lucid Lanthorne borrowing light, Psal. 119.  
For silly prophane Authors Buzzards were,  
By this directed, wee our course must steere.

S O sacred are our Records, no prophane  
Hand must attempt to touch 'em under paine  
Of severe chastisement. So Sinais Mount,  
Nor man nor beast approach when Moses on't  
Receives the Law; and the same Prophet must  
Pull off his shooes in reverence of that Dust,  
Where God shall show himselfe. He answers well, Ib. 3.  
Who being commanded by His King to tell  
What God was, and desiring still more dayes  
The Question to resolve, yet still delays:  
Truely confessing that the Thesis grew  
Harder, and harder, and the lesse he knew,

Exod. 18.

*Theodelles a  
Tragike Po-  
et.*

*Aristaas one  
of the 72  
Translators.*

*A descripti-  
on of God.*

*G O D S  
Immensity.*

*Immunitabi-  
ty.*

The more he studied. Who writ Tragedies,  
For his presumption forfeited his eyes.  
And Theopompus lost his health, because  
One in his Stories, the other Moses Lawes  
Durst bring upon the Stage, both are restor'd  
To fight, and health ; their fault by both deplor'd.

Yet who are humble with a prosperous gale  
In Cephas ship shall through the Ocean saile,  
And in the depths behold Gods Attributes,  
How this perfection, that negation sutes,  
To expresse some thing of a Diety,  
(More then created understandings high)  
And character as followes. *G O D*'s a Being,  
That ever was, and shall be ; a minde seeing,  
All in the Mirrour of himselfe, where all  
Future things, and possible (though these shall  
Nev'r have existence) boast Eternitie,  
And in the Godhead all whole sharers be.  
*G O D* every where is present, no where seen,  
He filleth the whole world, and had there been  
Myriads of worlds, he would them all have rounded,  
Himselfe not compass, bounded all not bounded.  
Fancy some vast imaginary space,  
The Centre, and circumference of that place  
Is *G O D*. Imagine thousand vaster, there  
*G O D* must be'e involved the surrounding Sphere :  
All intimate to all things, yet all without  
All things ; though nothing can be, if God be out.

*G O D* is an Entitie most simple, yet  
Millions of discrepant perfections meete,  
As Lines Concentrike in this *S I M P L E O N E*,  
And without all these wee le acknowledge none:  
For *G O D*: where all are with a bended knee  
Offer our Vowes to that sole Majestie.

Admire his immutability, the same  
Soill in himselfe, yet changing still the frame  
O'ch world with various Motions : Can love, hate,  
Be pleas'd, displic'd, yet still keepes the same state.

(Exteriors



*Devout Rhapsodies.*

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(Exteriors only altered.) Stand amaz'd  
When mans and Angels thoughts to'th height are rais'd  
By'th light of Glory, yet inferiour far  
To penetrate what Mines of Treasures are  
Hid in that supreme Nature, Power, and Skill  
To make ten thousand worlds, when ere he will,  
More beautifull then this, increase the store  
Of Angels numberlesse, and make 'em more  
Glorious beyond esteeme. Can any Law  
Limit his Arme? When this world's but a straw  
Compar'd to what he can:turne when he please  
To their first Chaos, the Aire, the Land, the Seas.  
Dissolve the Heavens, reduce to'th old Abyffe,  
Of nothing, whence they came, those Bands of his  
Owne Court, the Angels, and when this is done,  
Be full as happy in himselfe alone.  
For G O D did not those glorious spirits create  
With purpose to encrease his blessed State:  
Who was so copious, as he was before,  
Nor doe their Legions multiply his store.  
Repute Earth, Angels, Heavens, but a meere story  
To speake a Deities more extensive glory:  
And when he made this ample fabrike, He  
For our good would declare a Majestie  
Ineffable; in all expresse a will  
Of doing good, a power to doe't, a skill  
To doe't in the best manner, as much Art  
In the production of each severall part,  
As of the whole, (an Artists skill being waigh'd,  
Not after what, but how the worke is made.)

Omnipotent-  
57.

A Childe may be begot, brought forth, and cry,  
But without more sollicitude must dye.  
Gods Providence his Creatures must attend  
Els were they made to little, or no end.  
Soone would this world to the first nothing fall,  
If wisdom should not nurse, and governe all.  
The Machine a disordred Ataxie,  
Generall confusions, and combustions be.

Divine Pro-  
vidence.

C

What's

The battailes by our third stout Edward fought  
 Against the French, and Flower-de Lucas got  
 To adorne our Scutcheons, the renowned story  
 O' th Field of Agincourt fift Harries glory,  
 And what with *B L O U D* not inke should be set downe  
 Our *C I V I L L* fights, since that at Keinton Towne,  
 Which so much bloud, and many lives have cost,  
 That whosoever was gainer, England lost :  
 Had they been well imploy'd, those Legions might  
 Have subdu'd France, regain'd the Electorall Right.  
 The Romane Triumphs, and Olympian Games,  
 And whatsoe're Magnificent in Fames  
 Booke stands registred, is, shall be, hath been,  
 Are in Gods Essence as a Mirrour seen:  
 And all these knowne a thousand Myriads more  
 Of objects may be seen, and yet the store  
 Never exhausted : *G O D* alone must be  
 The Comprehender, of his Infinitie.

*G O D S  
 Eternity.*

Eternally there was duration, though  
 Nor Yeares, nor Monthes, six thousand yeares agoe,  
 Nor Dayes, nor Houtes, nor minutes did divide  
 Ages, and Times, and all these specif'd  
 By the perpetuall motions of the *S U N*,  
 As he shall through his annuall mansions run,  
 And by the carrying his eternall Light  
 Make Winter, Summer, Autumne, spring, day, night.  
 So when the world shall fade, and all these cease,  
 The tired Earth enjoy a constant peace.  
 No Plough rip up her Bowels : The Glebe-land  
 Still unmannured, and untill'd stand.  
 No aurigations of the heavenly carres,  
 No incertaine motions of the wandring Stars.  
 Shall not there be *D U R A T I O N* ? Sure there shall,  
 But such an one as comprehendeth all  
 Ages, and Times, the present, future, past,  
 And all these vanish'd evermore shall last,  
 And is the same with God. This never had  
 Beginning, never shall have end. This made

When



When it pleas'd him the universe : Wee know  
How long 'tis since he made it : If wee goe  
*FURTHER* that *FURTHER* is Eternity,  
And will not measur'd, but admir'd be.  
For who conceives some thousand Centuries  
Of ages past, and againe multiplies  
The same millions, and millions more of time,  
Yet cannot this grand Calculator climbe,  
Although perpetually he multiply  
Unto the Top of *G O D* s eternity.  
Who only can his owne *D U R A T I O N* tell,  
Above created thoughts ineffable.

These glorious Attributes, and Idioms shew  
A mighty *G O D*, come wee to things below.  
As he converses with the sons of men,  
Bestowes his gifts, beares with their manners, then  
Greater amazement will arise to see  
His Bounty, Mercy, Longanimity;  
But weele defer to insist upon this Text,  
And with Devotion prosecute the next.

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To

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Philip 2.

Ecd. f. 10.

R. g. 4.  
Edward. 3.  
Henry. 5.  
Henry 6.Ecd. f. 10.  
10.

Jud. 2.

Now steps in Providence, no more quoth she  
 Of bondage; I will set this Nation free,  
 And make D' Almeida with the Mello's plot,  
 And never cease till they have freedom got.  
 And take that crowne from the third Philips Son,  
 Which D' *ALVAS* Armes for Prudent Philip won.  
 Could humane wit or strength? But sole *GODS* hand,  
 And *PROVIDENCE* (that can events command)  
 So soone, so easily with no losse of blood  
 Redeeme a Kingdome from long servitude?  
 But wee must know the Kings, and Peoples sin  
 Translates the Natives, and brings strangers in.  
 So Roderigo's fault brought Moores to Spaine,  
 Our Britaine by the Saxon, Norman, Dane,  
 Subdu'd; the French-mens sins for us have fought,  
 And what but our owne sins fetch't in the Scot?  
 So when the Conquerours crimes weigh downe the scale,  
 They make their Vassalles over them prevaile.  
 When wise, and just men fall, Fooles, Tyrants rise  
 On the heavenly disposition with squint eyes  
 Wee looke, and cry an *ERROR* of the Prince,  
 When rightly 'tis a supreme Providence.  
 Lets higher goe. Abimelech combin'd  
 With Sichem, and with Mello, all are joynd  
 To ruine Gedeons house. The Olive Tree,  
 The Vine, the Fig-tree put off Majesty:  
 "Tell the Trees plainely; wee'le not lose our ease,  
 "And for your sakes so much our selves displease.  
 "Wee shoote, wee spring, wee flourish, bring forth fruite  
 "Which with the Spring, the Summer, Autumne suite  
 "Please God, and man: what are great Monarks shares?  
 "But as their Realmes, so multiply their cares.  
 Only a Whin, a Bramble will be great,  
 Takes complacence enthron'd in Royall Seate;  
 But what's the sequell? Sichemites shall rue  
 That with their Tyrant Gedeons Race they slewe,  
 And by such murders chose Abimelek Prince,  
 Gloried in him: Now steps in Providence.

Which



Which Joathan fortold 'em. God shall send  
 From the darke shades of hell some subtle Fiend,  
 That shall the Subjects, and the King divide,  
 Make them hate his Tyranny, him their pride :  
 They upbraid him with his Brethrens murther, though  
 They were associates in the murther : (So  
 Eager on mischeife, wee first rashly doe,  
 At leasure see how foule the fact's, then rue)  
 He who was raised by them, raises their Walls,  
 Destroyes their Towne, and by a woman falls.  
 (Heavens not permitting such League should last long,  
 Which for Foundation murther had and wrong.)  
 Marke Kingdomes, Common-wealths, and private States,  
 And you'll observe not Fortune nor the Fates,  
 But *G O D* S transcendent Providence beare sway,  
 And alwayes sin with shame, or sorrow pay.

As Providence and Power, so his science is  
 His Bounty, Mercy, Justice, an Abyfle  
 Of infinite Perfections. Weele conceive,  
 Millions of worlds i'th Divine Essence, leave  
 Nothing which may adde beauty, give delight  
 To the understanding, hearing, and the sight,  
 Angels surmounting sands oth' Ocean shore,  
 Of populous Nations a far ampler store,  
 Then should of Atomes be, had this vast Frame  
 Nothing but distinct Atomes in the same.

*The Beatifi-  
 cal Vision.*

Now, what a pleasant Vision wert ? If you  
 Saw all these objects in one simple view.  
 Millions of Angels, Men, Beasts, Plants, rich Stones  
 All Minerals, heard all Symphonies at once. (taines,  
 Beheld all Colours, Fields, Woods, Trees, Flowres, Foun-  
 Oceans, Springs, Rivers, Vallies, Plaines, Rocks, Mountaines,  
 Numberlesse Cityes, Hamlets, Castles, Courts,  
 All recreations, all delightfull sports.

Is there delight in War ? the Seige of Troy,  
 And sacking oft ? How barbarous Kings destroy  
 Rome, and Jerusalem : The Punik flights  
 Of Hannibal, Grecian, and Romane fights :

What's Providence? A faire exterior Robe  
 Encompassing, and covering the whole Globe,  
 And all things comprehended in't: Beside  
 It is the living of the worlds inside;  
 Ordaines, rules, acts, for ends peculiar; yet  
 This Queene do's not her Majesty forget;  
 But makes the secundarie causes know  
 They are her Agents, and obedience owe  
 To what she lists. Could the intensive heate  
 O'ch flaming Furnace make the children sweate,  
 This Providence a while suspending fire  
 From action mangle the fierce Tyrants ire?  
 Did not she make at Josahs vowes the teeme  
 O'ch posting Sun a while shoote every beame  
 From the same Zenith, and in lieu of night,  
 Mortalls stand gazing at a Noondayes light?  
 This prescribes Rules, ordaineth Ends, gives Lawes  
 Constant to th' universe, makes every cause.  
 Helpe it's associate: Nothing do's in vaine,  
 But first disposing sweetly without paine  
 Brings forth what nature would: Yet most appears  
 Where liberty of action domineeres.  
 And with so deepe a wisdom enterweaves  
 Humane affairs, that though she freedome leaves  
 To severall purposes and different ends,  
 Yet happily effects what she pretends,  
 Attends to all; yet so to every one,  
 As if save that, she notice tooke of none.  
 To dictate, write, read, heare, all in one houre,  
 Made Caesar wondred at, Origen much more.  
 This world of creatures Gods eye looks upon,  
 Governes, provides for; yet for all as one.  
 Observes as well what's in the Cottage acted.  
 As what votes are i'th Senate House transacted.  
 Searches intentions, searcheth hearts and reines,  
 What's done for publique, what for private gaines.  
 Has admirable fetches. Did not Gods  
 Providence make Benadad and Jehu Rods



*Devout Rhapsodies.*

11

Reg. 1910

Nehem.  
Esdra.

Of Achab, though that an Idolater  
Jehu a Jew, yet a false worshipper:  
These scourges were of Gods revenging ire,  
And vengeance acted, cast, into the fire.  
This lets bad men beare swaie some Moneths, or Yeares,  
And then excited by the cries and teares  
Of the oppressed, with a potent hand  
Frees a distress'd and captivated Land.  
So Tribes returne to Palestine againe,  
And Portugall shakes off the yoke of Spaine.  
How this was done the following lines shall speake,  
And how mans Arts to Providence are weake.

No end of Taxes, of Excises none,  
How to get money still is thought upon;  
Water excis'd, and Spanish Lordans are  
So greedy, they would taxe even the free Aire.  
True Patriots are suppress'd, and only they  
Advanc'd for Officers, who have the way  
To grinde the Land, and out the poore mans throatt  
Get for Corbons an extorted groat,  
Harpies oth' the Commonwealth, who procure hate  
To an easie King, and cosen King, and State.  
All rattred th' other day, Bancrupts, poore Johns,  
Now prance it on their foote-clothes, are great Dons:  
These are disperst through the whole Kingdome, and  
Their Arbitrary power for Law must stand.  
They are seconded at Court, if any take  
Exceptions, are so potent, they can make  
Him a dangerous Malignant, have him sent  
For up, plagu'd in purse or imprisonment.  
Thus grones poore Portugall, knowes not to whom  
She should addresse her selfe, no helpe from home.  
St. Julians Fort is in the Spaniards hands,  
All Castles kept by Military Bands.  
No Lovers of their Countrey weapon beare,  
But sent to Italy, or Flanders, there  
A Gods name let 'em fight, the more are flaine,  
The more firme is the Monarchy of Spaine.

To the Honorable, my most honored  
 Friends, the Lady Francis Nevil: And  
 Mistrisse Margaret Brooke  
 her Daughter.

*Sermo Tertius.*

The Argument.

*Wee sing the Notions of the Father, Son,  
 And Holy Ghost, issuing from both; yet ONE  
 With BOTH: One individed Essence: Three  
 Persons by relative Pluralitie:  
 Man is Gods Image, and do's represent  
 This Ternall One, and the unconfinde extent  
 Of the whole Macrocosme; yet never shall  
 Be happy till he gaine this ONE, this ALL.*

*Gen. 1.*

**S** Hall he from whose redundant Plenitude  
 Wee all receive, Being, Grace, Beatitude.  
 Who fills the Ocean with innumerable spawnes,  
 Replenishes the Desarts, and the Lawnes  
 With stocke of Cattell, dayly do's repaire  
 With yong ones the inhabitants of the Aire.  
*Exy 66.* Can such a God be barren? No, a fire  
 Issuing a Son shall with that Son conspire  
 To breath the Holy Ghost, and all these three  
 Equall in glory and in Majesty.  
 Ethinks acknowledg'd, though with much adoe  
 One God, but knew not what belonged to



A TRIAD what is Divine *GENERATION*,  
What is *PROCESSION*, what active *SPIRATION*.

The *FATHER* needs must get a *SON*, and then,  
That *FATHER* and that *SON* give Origen  
To the Holy Ghost; the first Two cannot be,  
Vnlesse they make their Number Ternary:

For Love which gives all Creatures birth and growth,  
Before all Creatures had his birth from Both:

( Father on Son the Son on Him reflecting,  
And with a mutuall Complacence affecting )

The Synagogue of this had shaddows; but  
Their Lanthorne was under a Bushell put:

And the Hebrew Rites, and Books Enigma's are,  
They'explaine not Truths, but poynt at from a far;

The Law in measure, above measure Grace,  
When that once past, this other comes in place.

That Lambe, that Lampe of the Cælestiall Towne,  
Shall leave his royall Throne, and comming downe,  
Enucleat Mysteries, preach a Godhead, three  
In Notions, yet a pure Identitie.

Who comprehends himselfe, could onely tell,  
GODS immanent Acts, that are ineffable.

O thou Eternall Son, and Word, who far,  
( It' raies of Saints ) before the morning Star  
Wert got, and spoke; let's through all Ages break,  
And search, when GOD did thee beget, and speake;  
For both are One, GOD did no more afford,  
To give thee birth, then uttering of a Word.

Lets search a hundreth thousand Ages moe,  
Yet shall we not thy Birth, and utterance know.

If we thy Father question, heele reply,  
My Son is both so old, and young as I.  
When he was got, as no time can designe,  
So when he was not got, no time define.

Yet of his Origen, you truly may,  
Affirme he is begetting every day:  
And through Eternity all Ages past,  
Shall this continued Generation last.

Matt. 3.  
Luke 11.

*S. Ambrose,*

Psalm. 109.

Psalm. 23.

A *SON* of's *FATHER* independant, Heat  
 As th'e *ORIGEN*, whence tis deriv'd so great.  
 True *GENERATIONS* yet devoid of Motions,  
 Reall relations, yet no more then Notions.  
 As the Vast Ocean that furrounds the Earth,  
 Though it give *RIVER S* springs and Brookes their Birth,  
 Euphrates, Volga, Quahu, Nile, our Thame,  
 Yet never wanteth but runs stil the same.  
 A thankfullie all these Returne againe  
 And isembogue themselves into the Maine.  
 T e *FATHER* never wants, although the *SON*  
 H s a l he hath: nor are these *TWO* undone,  
 Nor ne least jot of all their Treasure lost.  
 Though al's be stowde upon the holy Gost.  
 For though they mutuallie give all their store  
 Yet give they so, that they can stil give more.  
 Imagine some Eternall Spring, or Mine  
 Whence Purest Gold is digd, flowes richest wine.  
 And yo'ule conceive some glimpses that come nigh  
 To shadowe this stil Bounteous Trinie.

*S. Th. 1. p. 9.*  
 32.

Not Trimegistus or the Stagyrut,  
 Not any Stoik, or Platonik wit,  
 Though Monas Monadem begat, can tell  
 How this Fecunditie, yet no wombes swell,  
 As ifes, how one can give all his store  
 Yet never be exhausted, never poore.  
 Such science is a more peculiar grace,  
 Granted to none o'th Philosophike race,  
 And who will have this *TR I A D* for his booke  
 Must with *F A I T H S* candle on the volume looke,  
 Though none can understand each page aright  
 Who has not for his Flame-bew Glories light.

Merchants, who travell to the rising *SUN*,  
 And view his setting when the day is done  
 In neither of the Worlds can fulnes finde,  
 For though they fill their purses, yet their minde  
 Is emptie still, and still they covet more,  
 And are amidst their heapes of Riches poore.



The Macedonian youth contented not  
Himselfe with the whole World his sword had got.  
The Reason: all things here confined are  
Within their Modell, insufficient far  
To satisfie mans *APPETITE* ordain'd,  
Not to be satisfi'd till *GOD* be gain'd.  
The Spherik Figure no waye can suffice,  
To equall what is made *TRIANGLE* wise.  
Lay one upon another, you shall see  
All waies some corners will unfurnish'd be.  
When the Worlds maker made mans Soule, the same  
Triangular did the best Worke-man frame  
To represent his matchles self and be  
The Image of one *GOD* in Persons three;  
Ordaining him to love, to honour, serve  
His *GOD*, who for such service do's reserve  
A Crowne, and place in Heaven; where he shall see  
The *TRIADS* order, and how all things be  
Deriv'd from thence. Nor can there ought be found  
In this low O be, that's Sphericall, and round,  
May satisfie our Soules; nor can we rest  
In Creatures, who are ordred to be blest  
By his fruition, who to Creatures gave  
That existence, and essence which they have.  
Sole *GODS* proportion'd to our Soules, and till  
*GOD* be enjoy'd, wee nere shall have our fill,  
Unles wee feed on this Celestiall meate,  
Wee still shall hunger, still desire to eate.

Creatures observe that order, keepe that state,  
Which *GOD* appoints: Sole *MAN'S* retrograde.  
Behold the wandring Planets, and fix't stars  
Are Constant in the motion of their Cars,  
And as they approach, or goe from severall seates  
Cause winters nipping frosts, and Summer heates.  
Make buds and blossomes sprout forth in the Spring,  
And in the Autumne to perfection bring.  
See how the Simple Elements Combine  
And in the making of mixt Bodies ioine.

The Fire, the Ayre, the Water, that surrounds  
 The Earth: how all observe their proper bounds,  
 And very bounteously themselves bestow,  
 On all things that have sense, or move, or grow.  
 Suppose (what will not be) some glorious light,  
 (The Sun or Moone) should fall from Heaven, or quite  
 Extinguished be: suppose Gods arme should take  
 This World, and of't the Pristine Chaos make;  
 Involving in the same calamity,  
 The old, the middle aged, and the Frie.  
 Here death gives rest to Beasts, to Fish, to Foule,  
 All paine expiring with the fleeting Soule:  
 And though here's some inversion of that end,  
 Which Nature in Creation did pretend:  
 Yet tis no more then if some Clowne should grub,  
 Or cut a plant up, but as yet a shrub;  
 Or a young Partridge caught ith' Fowlets net,  
 Or by the Hawke devour'd Pin-fether'd yet.

But different far is Mans accused state,  
 If by transgression he prevaricate:  
 For if in prosecution he shall erre,  
 Sulphurean Flames that first prepared were  
 For the Internall Fiends, must be his hire,  
 And with condemned Ghosts, eternall fire.  
 Better he had nere been borne, then be borne so,  
 As dying, he must live in endlesse woe:  
 For not as foules of Birds and Beasts, Mans minde,  
 Shall with the body dissolution finde;  
 But when chance, age, or sicknesse break the tye,  
 Twixt Body and the Soule, this last shall flye  
 (Supported by the wings of heavenly love)  
 To those magnifiquie Pallaces above,  
 Where Saints and Angels with much blithenesse sing,  
 The Trophees of the slaughtered Lambe, and bring  
 Their Anadems of Glory (as tis meet)  
 Offering them, and themselves at *IESVS* feet.  
 Who with the treasure of his precious blood,  
 Purchast his Courtiers such Beatitude.



Or else the Soule poyde with tranſacted faults,  
Shall ſtreight deſcend to ſubterranean Vaults;  
Where horreur with pale deſperation dwell,  
And damned Ghoſts eternally ſhall yell.  
'Twould be ſome eaſe if thouſand myriads paſt,  
Of yeares, Hels torments ſhould have end at laſt,  
But they'le endure ſo long as G O D ſhall be,  
And one way equalize eternity.

O thou all-potent Trinity, whoſe hand,  
Firſt made, then poliſht Fire, Aire, Water, Land:  
Preſcribdſt to all their duty, and their end,  
Which they without reluctance attend,  
And gaine; Illuminate our ſouls to know,  
Wherefore thou mad'ſt us, whether we ſhould goe;  
To heaven our journey is, direct our wayes,  
To that bleſt Land; there crowne us with thy rayes  
Of glory; who made by, and after thee,  
Without thy ſelfe ſhall nev'r contented be.

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D 3

TO

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To the Honorable, *William Savile*, Baronet, my Godson. *Edward Atsloe*, Iohn Church, Equiers.

*Sermo Quartus.*

The Argument.

Wee sing what power bad Angels have, and how  
All causes, and their consequents they knowe,  
Are incorporeall, and with winged speed  
Act what they will, but not their bounds exceed.  
Wee sing unhappie mans corrupted state,  
How more then Beasts he do's degenerate.

Gen. 1.



He World being finish't God amazed stood,  
And with much complacence pronounc'd al's  
If all be good, how come ill Angels then (good:  
( So noxious, yet so conversant with men? )  
If they are ill, why are they left to roame  
Abroad, why are they not confin'd to home  
In Hell? why did they not when they lost grace,  
Forfeite as well their Energye as place?  
In Heaven? they can doe wonders, have a power  
As great as Sions courtier's, some have more.  
What from the rising of the Radiant sune,  
Till in the Occident his race be run  
Is acted, they see clearely, can without  
Passing through Medium's scu'd the World about  
Ith twinc kling of an eye; at distance can  
Mountaines oreturne, destroye, or tempt a man.

2 Reg. 5. 14.

Locall



Locall Dimensions limit not their Sphere  
Of action, where they operate they are there.  
And though these Devils can the Sun as soone  
Shut in a lanthorne, as deduce the Moone  
Downe from it's Mansion; yet they are petty Kings  
In the airie Region, and ore earthly things  
Can dominere, although not reach so farre  
As is the Mansion of the lowest Starre,  
All Theorie, and Practike arts they knowe,  
Natures abstruser secrets, no plants growe,  
But they their Virtues ken, and can apply  
Actives on Passives to bring miserie  
And witchcrafts upon man, and as if wee  
Framde of Ambition, envie, enmitie,  
Were not sufficient Devills to our selves,  
Wee must have ayde from these Infernall Elves  
In our malicious plots, and for the hire  
Danne our owne soules to their eternall fire,  
And as wee share in their Iniquitie,  
So in their punishment associates be.  
And such must of necessity be ill,  
Who once deprav'd can never change their will,  
Never retract an Error, nor repent  
What once ( apprehended good ) they daunt attempt.  
Speake more Celestiall Muses, what's the cause  
Of so much perversicacie against the Lawes  
Of humane sence. how fell the Angels downe  
Why did they forfei that Perennall Crowne  
Due to integrity and ( Virgins ) knowe  
The knowledge of such Cronicles you owe  
To Sacred Historyes? how Balchazar,  
And Nemroths Babylon surprized are,  
And the Assyrian Monarchie cast downe  
The Medes and Persians share the Imperiall Crowne,  
How Tomyris the warlicke Scythian Queene  
Amidst her thickest Troopes in Armour seene,  
Acts dire Revenge, and having first made drunke  
The Persian Brigades, drenches the cold trunk

Ephel. 6.

Of slaughtered *Cyrus* in a tub of gore,  
 Bidding him quaff his fill, who evermore  
 Had thirsted blood; how like the flashing fire,  
 Of angry Heaven, when Heaven and Earth conspire  
 To raise a tempest, *Alexander* flies,  
 And shewes the World his glorious Victories;  
 How by death conquered, he who conquer'd all,  
 Must in the midst of all his Trophies fall;  
 Many great *Homers* (*Alexanders Vow*)  
 Inrich you with such Histories, and how,  
*Cæsar* amidst and by perfidious friends,  
 In his Capitall his life, not glory ends.  
 The sad disasters of these Monarchies,  
 With the addition of ten thousand lyes,  
 Of the Assyrian, Greek, Odrysian Lords,  
 Innumerable Stories, numberlesse Records  
 Speak amply: many Birds first reassume,  
 Onely their proper Feathers, then unplume,  
 The Roman Eagle, till great *Mahomet*,  
 As he did *Constantines* Bizantium get,  
 Wrung off one neck, and in that Empire plac'd  
 The beauty of our Tawring Bird defac'd.

But of the real grounds, why these States fall,  
 Why th'other rise, no mention's made at all;  
 Nor once remembred what condition they  
 Be of, who are chiefe Actors in this Play  
 Of blood, and death, where a Muse buskind sings  
 With teares the Fates of Common-wealths, and Kings.  
 The Gentile Sages by experience see,  
 But know not whence proceeds our Miserie:  
 They never know with what industrious Arts,  
 The Devils in our Dames act chiefe parts.  
 Why Man doth with the Spiders Cobwebs spin,  
 And one net wrought, unsatisfied begin  
 A fresher web, why with the Ants take paines,  
 With such sollicitude for sordid gaines.  
 Why thrust the Badger with the Foxes flight  
 Out his owne Hole, why with the Lyons might

Invade



Invade the weaker ; why made Lord of all  
The Universe, does he degenerate fall  
So low beneath himselfe, and far inferiour  
In sence to many Beasts, to all superiour  
In brutish qualities, exceeds the Hog  
In drunkenesse, more fawning then the Dog,  
When profit shall accrue, in rage outgoes  
The Hircanian Tygres, when assayl'd by foes,  
Shee saves her young ones, and with teeth and nayles  
Against a world of combatants prevails ;  
Prouder then the Horse, when in his bravery,  
He shall attract every beholders eye  
To marke him onely, as with stately grace,  
Through the streets richly hanged he shall pace.

As here the Gentiles all are silent, wee  
Should sit amaz'd, and with them silent be ;  
Wholy transformed, knowing our God all good,  
Dispute, how with such bounty it hath stood,  
To suffer his chiefe creature, Man to fall,  
In such disorders, and permit in all  
So generall a confusion, when behold,  
Onely our writs the Origen unfold  
Of all these mischeifes, taught by them wee speake  
The causes : and through many ages breake  
Boldly our passage ope, beginning long  
Before the Universe began a Song.

*E**To*

To the right Honorable, *John Paule*,  
*Marquesse of Winchester*, the Lady  
*Honoria*, The best Example of her Sex, His  
 Marchioness; and the Honorable,  
*Walter Mountague*.

*Sermo Quintus.*

The Argument.

*What ruind Angels? a transcendent pride?  
 Or envy? Because Man was Deside.  
 Proud Lincie turn'd Traytor animates  
 His fellow Angels to be associates  
 In the Rebellion: Michael with the bands,  
 Of Loyall subje's for GODS title stands:  
 The Traytors lose the day, Grace, glories Crowne,  
 (They might have gain'd) to b' depths of Hell cast downe.*



He Devill nere was glutton; never soild,  
 With amorous embraces: never toild  
 with drink: no purser by the high way side,  
 Never for Murder at the Sessions tride.  
 (Nor could he faile so, such concupiscence  
 Following corporeall faculties and sense.)  
 (Yet has he perpetrated all these crimes,  
 By proxie, above a hundred thousand times)  
 How fell the Devill then? how lost his place,  
 And share 'oth Deity, Cœlestiall grace.

How

*Aug. 1610.  
 Dec. 1614.  
 Cap. 3.*



Psal. 2  
Job 4.

Gen. 3.

1 Sam. 16.

How did the searcher of all intrailes finde,  
Iniquity in so sublime a minde?  
What horrid act hath his eversion wrought?  
Ruine on him? on Us destruction brought,  
( For he having limpt himselfe, made *Adam* halt,  
Whence issued our hereditary fault.)  
Was *Lucifer* a Peacock? when he spide  
His specious plumes, with a selfe-pleasing pride,  
Tooke he fond complacence in gifts bestowde,  
And with those gifts rebeld against his God,  
Who gave 'em? did he glorying in his state,  
Aspire to be with God coequall Mate?  
With soaring wings why would he northward flye,  
And independant be as the most high?  
Or did not envy raigne? that God should sleight,  
The Angelike Essence, and himselfe unite  
To our weak substance, by a wondrous tye,  
Including in one Man the Deity,  
And humane Nature: this makes Traytors rise  
In armes 'gainst their Creator; envies eyes  
Are so malignant, that anothers good,  
Like daggers strikes to th' heart, and fetches blood.  
' What quoth th' aspiring Angell, shall this slime  
' Oth earth, this worne in plenitude of tyme,  
' Grac'd with the union Hypostaticall,  
' Be Deified? have Empire over all.  
' Must Angels so accomplished with grace,  
' In Entity so perfect give him place?  
' Be slaves, and as obsequious Vassals stand,  
' To know, then execute what heele command?  
' If God cannot his bounties better share,  
' Weele learne him Order, teach him who we are:  
' It needs he will his gifts, and selfe diffuse  
' In Donatives, let him election use:  
' Wherefore you ( Legions ) ayde me, and weele make,  
' This partiall God recall his purpose, take  
' Our Nature, where you all shall sharers be,  
' And fellowes with me in the Deity.

As in a Leguer, where distracted mindes,  
 Revolt against their Generall, Treason findes,  
 New complices to act a dririe plot;  
 So now seditious *Lucifer* ha's got  
 Whole multitudes to second what he saith,  
 As Impious Angels violate their faith,  
 Turne to a Creature their chiefe leader, and  
 Amazed at his eminencies stand:  
 For *Lucifer* had such similitude  
 With God, that he, next him was the first good.  
 No Cedar in Mount Libanus so tall,

Ezech. 31.  
 Job 40.

No Beech as hee: he far surmounted all;  
 Great his indowments, specious were his raies,  
 And he stild justly, First of all Gods wayes,  
 Allured with such parts, the inferiour stars  
 Forsake their stations, denounce open Wars  
 Against their Maker. Now the signal's given,  
 Of a great battaile to be fought in Heaven.  
 For *Michael* and his friends oppole themselves,  
 In Squadrons range against the haughty Elves:  
 The loyalty of Subjects now is tryde,  
 As they take part on *Michaels* and Gods side:

In what manner  
 the good and  
 bad Angels  
 fought in hea-  
 ven.

Who stands impartiall a spectator by,  
 To see these Combatants for mastery try.

No party brought to th' field, or swords or bills,  
 But serious alterations of their Wils:

Neither did they with a Stentorean voice,  
 On any part plead rights; but without noise  
 Ioyn'd the Batalia's: No loud clamors there,  
 Let the left Wing advance, bring up the Rere:

How the An-  
 gels expresse  
 themselves one  
 to another.

But what they would have either friend or foe,  
 Should understand, their Wils did make 'em know:  
 Yet Drums and Trumpets were the harmonious Spheres,  
 Still ecchoing terror in the Rebels eares:  
 When they reflect how those, though senselesse stand,  
 In order, when these spurne at Gods command.

That fight was famous in *Pharsalia* field,  
 Where the *Patricians*, and their *Pompey* yeild



To *Cæsars* conquering Legions, and one day,  
 Makes Rome, and the whole world the Victors pray :  
 So was that Naumachie by the Actian shore,  
 Where *Anthony* pursues his flying Whore ;  
 And great *Octavian* all the Empire gets,  
 Where the Sun first appeares, and where he sets.  
 The whole Worlds Sovereignty, being set at stake,  
 Did these encounters so conspicuous make.  
 But in this Battaile fought on Sions plaine,  
 Where the false Angels lose, the loyall gaine  
 The day : what ever is above the skies,  
 Even Gods command must be the Victors prize.

The Armies ordered, and in mutuall view,  
 The grand Commander of the Traytruos crue  
 Himselfe advances, and at every straine,  
 Presents *Goliath*, or fierce *Tamerlaine*.  
 Blasphemes and curses Gods selected band,  
 But as ( if such comparisens may stand )  
 A thick neck'd Bull made Captaine of the Herd,  
 And for his strength, of all the Forrest fear'd ;  
 Meeting some stately Lyon at a spring,  
 Disdaines to pay due homage to his King :  
 But ventilating oft his hornes ith' ayre,  
 He and his Flock themselves to fight prepare ;  
 When the stout Lyon backed by his friends,  
 The conflict presently begins and ends :  
 As furiously upon the Bull he goes :  
 And, maugre his great strength, casts in the close.  
 Then on the prostrate neck, setting his foot,  
 With a disdainfull paw puls out his throat :  
 The rest, as they behold their Leader dye,  
 With the disaster all appalled flye.  
 In the same manner *Michael* putting on  
 His trusty Armour : Vindication  
 Of Gods supremacy, a two edg'd Sword,  
 Strongly compos'd of Gods revealed Word :  
 Justice his brest-plate, and of Faith the shield ;  
 A belt of Verity : his helmet steel'd

Ephes. 6.

1 Reg. 17.

With safety. Armed thus against his foe,  
 He marches, and as *David* with one blow  
 Defeats the Elfe: then trampling on his head,  
 This ovant speech in following manner said:  
 'Who like to God? who from the abyfle of nought,  
 'First made thee, then to this perfection brought?  
 'Ingratefull wretch to thy Creators grace,  
 'Unworthy such endowments, and cheife place.  
 Match. 20. 'Was thy eye evill because God was good?  
 'Or didst thou sarfeit with much plenitude?  
 'What is, is his; and must he come so low  
 'Beneath himfelfe, that when he will bestow  
 'His favours, he must aske his creatures what  
 'He shall bestow? whether on this or that  
 'Person, or nature? he can best dispence,  
 'Who knowes what's given is but benevolence:  
 'Great were thy eminencies: did we repine  
 'At dignities conferrd on thee, and thine?  
 'We knew, and so shoudst thou, that he who gave  
 'Such gifts, knew well what every one should have,  
 'And in what measure, neither thou, nor I,  
 'Can limit or inlarge his liberality.  
 'False Impe, who wouldst have Empire over all,  
 'To the lowest pit thou shalt dejected fall:  
 'Can nothing please thee but thy Makers Crowne?  
 'To Hell with thy associates tumble downe.

As when the heavens, the ayre, the winds conspire  
 With horrid thunder, and with flashing fire,  
 To terrifie the world, and make us thinke,  
 Our sins had filld Gods cup even to the brinke,  
 And the Universe must end: Midst all these tones  
 Of angry Heaven, innumerable stones,  
 Of haile fall downe, and with their fragour make,  
 The Machin of the frighted World to shake.  
 Such was the Angels precipice from Heaven,  
 When glorious *Michael* had his sentence given.  
 For *Lucifer*, who made the Angels faile,  
 As he fell headrg, dragd downe with his tayle,

Apoc. 12.



*Devout Rhapsodies.*

21

The stars third part ( when men of high estate  
Decline, the ruine ends not in their Fate.)  
But as some potent Lordling, who hath wrought  
Treason against his Sovereigne Prince, and sought  
To murder or depose him, for which ends,  
Conspiring with his Vassals, and his Friends;  
He traiterously takes armes, but in the field,  
Is vanquishd by his King, compeld to yeild.  
Brought to a tryall, all receive their doome,  
But differently; some from their native home,  
Banishd; some forfeit life, some goods and land,  
So did the case with the damn'd Angels stand,  
Some are confinde 'ith spacious ayre to dwell,  
Others on the earth, and seas; yet all in Hell.  
For they still beare about the load of sin:  
Fire in the apprehension, tortur'd minds within.  
And we might see, had we spirituall eyes,  
How innumerable Devils, Atome-like and Flies  
In a hot summers day, hop up and downe,  
Ith'ayre or'e every City, Village, Towne.  
Soaring like Hawkes, with Vultures mawes and eyes,  
And when 'tis sprung, source downe upon their prize.  
Then let us know that as they towre so high,  
They easily, viewing, with advantage flye,  
And seaze upon their pray. (Whats poore mans state,  
Continually exposed to their hate?)

But that grand Traytor, *Lucifer*, whats done  
With him? doe not the conquerors sit upon  
The manner of his chastisement? who lead  
The dance in this Rebellion, was the head  
Plotter and actor in the treason, shall  
Be more severely punished then all  
The minor Devils; and one clause they adde  
Toth' rest of's torments, that makes him stark mad:  
Namely, that he who would so high have flowne,  
With wings of pride, even to Jehovahs throne,  
In a deep dungeon, shut eternally,  
Shall a confined slave and prisoner lye.

*Proverbia Diu.  
Hec omnium  
Dolorum opus  
est, quod Aer  
is, quod Caum,  
et terram me-  
dus dividens,  
inane Vocatur,  
plenus sit con-  
trariis fortuna-  
diisibus.  
S. Hieron in  
Cp. 6. Ep. ad  
Eph.*

Ahole

A hole his goale furthest from Heaven to show,  
 That as transgressions so must pennance goe.  
 The other Fiends have the vast Ayre and Seas,  
 And land to range in whensoever they please:  
 But their great Monarck must in fetters tyde,  
 In lowest Hell perpetully abide.  
 And this was the first prison made for sin,  
 A patterne to torment Delinquents in:  
 Yet no confinements, Fetters, Bolts, and Givies,  
 Can make the damned wretches mend their lives.  
 Sure the strange qualities of *Alpheus* streames,  
 Are idle Poets or Historians dreames.  
 How he though disimboguing in the Maine,  
 Yet midst the brine his sweetnesse can retaine;  
 Debt, and transgression are conducent gins,  
 To Prisons, Prisons Colledges of sins.  
 The noble Sciences profest, and chiefe  
 Arts taught, are of the Drunkard, Whore and Thiefe;  
 Who were in knavery Freshmen, comming here,  
 Shall proceed learned Graduates in one yeare.

Behold the Gallies, and a Prison view,  
 And they shall fully represent to you  
 What's done in Hell; blaspheming every where,  
 Continuall torments, yet they curse and sweare  
 Amidst those torments: Boat-swaines, Goalers are,  
 The Furies that torment 'em and their fare,  
 Bisket, Tobacco; trickling teares must serve  
 To make their meat go downe: else let 'em starve,  
 What then? too many care no more when halfe  
 Are starv'd then Butchers when they kill a Calfe.  
 A Prison's like the cruell Martichore,  
 Or Hell it selfe, still seeking to devour,  
 It's alwayes taking, the least favour must  
 Be dearly bought, nor can you goe on trust.  
 Sweat, labour for some Goalers, a good turne,  
 Is never thought of in the following morne,  
 Best curtesies done to them are but their due,  
 And what's their Office must be sold to you:

French,



French imposts, Spanish taxes are not hard,  
Ifroth' exactions of a Goale compar'd.

Yet heavens forbid all Keepers should be such,  
I know some gently bred, who will not grutch  
To doe a favour gratis, know the same  
Fortune that oretakes others, is not lame,  
But may oretake themselves, and they may be,  
Their fellow-prisoners in Captivity:

Know what a sin it is, to boyle the lambe,  
Ith' milke and sight of the afflicted damme,  
And therefore scorne to add fresh woes to woe,  
(Onely ignoble Beares and Wolves do so.)  
They understand al gaines these Vultures take  
From undone men cannot them wealthy make,  
No more then did that silver *Judas* good,  
Which he had purchas'd with his Maisters blood.

The poore are Christ himselte, and what is got,  
Over the Devils shoulders needs must rot  
Under the belly of his Damme (as teares,  
And Prisoners clamours penetrate Gods eares.)  
These keep not Goales as *Charon* kept his Boar,  
To crave for every passenger a groat,  
Nor (gentle soules) wil they, or curse, or raile,  
If any in their bounty sometimes faile.

May such (and prisoners votes are potent) be  
Fellowes with *Peter* in Eternity.  
(Turn-keys best patterne) who with little state,  
But much humanity will ope Heavens gate,  
Toth' poorest soule, that clented from his sin,  
Or knocks, or rings, craving admision in.

No mischief on such Keepers ever fall,  
But let 'em have his lot who kept Saint *Paul*:  
No prisoners scaping from 'em run away,  
Much courtesie with much injustice pay.  
Free from the Bondmans heaven-ascending curse,  
May they dye rich in credit, rich in purse,  
As the Egyptian Midwives, let their race,  
And they thrive here, and have in Heaven a place.

F

Yet

Exod. 21.

Exod. 21.  
Exod. 21.  
Jud. 1.  
Mat. 23.

Act. 21. 16.

Exod. 1.

Yet thrice blest Rome, who in the seven Kings times,  
 And Tribunes rule, wert so devoyd of crimes,  
 That one pore Goale sufficed to detaine,  
 All Malefactors, but as *Scipio's* gaine,  
 Asia, and Africa, *Emilius* Greece,  
 And all returnerich *Iasons* with the fleece  
 Of gold, then as thy sins and Towne increase  
 New Goales are made, and Justices of Peace.  
 How art thou spotted, with what tincture di'de,  
 Of sins proud *London*? which so loud have cri'd  
 To Heaven for vengeance, that in every street,  
 New prisons must be made; the Gatehouse, Fleet,  
 Newgate, and Ludgate, and a hundreth more,  
 Not large enough for murderer, thiefe, and whore,  
 But so increases the Malignant trade,  
 That Courts and Pallaces are prisons made.

O inauspicious Stars to live and die  
 In torments worse then those of *Gregory*.  
 There miseries end with our exhaled breaths,  
 Continued prisons are continued deaths:  
 A prison's like *Vestas* deflowred Nun,  
 Ram'd in the grave before his thread be spun.  
 Yet heavens are gentle, and permit this curse,  
 To fall on some, to keep 'em from a worse.

7

To



To the right Honorable, *Henry Parker,*  
Lord Morlie, and Mount-Eagle, *Williams*  
*Habington* Esquire, and Mistris *Lucie*  
*Habington.*

---

*Sermo Sextus.*

---

The Argument.

---

*What undiscovered pathes the Serpent treads,  
With what flye Engines, and darke wayes he leades  
Mankinde to errour? with what subtiltie,  
Invites he us to our owne miserie.  
The Fowler and the Fisher. man may gaine,  
Arts of deceit from his more subtile braine.  
Eve poysons Adam, and by his sad fall,  
Conveyes pernicious venome to us all.  
The foolish Woman, and her female seed,  
Tax'd worshiply for this accursed deed.*

---

**V**Hy does the Spouse in a Cygnea song,  
Descant so dolefully of the great wrong  
Her Brethren do her, and of battailes fought,  
And stratagems wherein her life is sought;  
Who are these barbarous Brethren so unkind?  
Legions of evill Angels in Gods mind,  
Our generall Mother, who, Idea'd there,  
Were form'd, then sell, and after suffered were

Cant. 1.  
*Pugnacissime*  
*Contra me Fili*  
*matris mee.*

Psal. 109.  
Apoc. 12.  
Job. 1.

To range abroad ; these tempt, sollicite Man,  
And doe him all the injuries they can,  
( Thinking erroneously tis some reliefe,  
To have companions in their endlesse grieve,)  
As Meagre envy made 'em first to fall,  
So the same fury domineeres in all  
Their actions : knowing man must weare that Crowne,  
And fill those thrones from which they tumbled downe :  
Knowing how no coinquinatèd thing,  
Shall see the face of Sions glorious King.  
At every step, and place they set their gins,  
To intrap the passengers in snares of sins.  
All creatures of the world are traps and nets,  
Which to catch fooles the cunning Devill sets :  
And Satan having long conversèd with man,  
Is in his Volume deeply read, and can  
Comply with all his appetites ; invert  
The order of his intellect ; divert  
Affections rightly plac'd, perswade him choosè  
Evill cloth'd in the shape of God, refuse  
Virtue look'd on, not in her proper guise,  
But form'd by Fancy, or our carnall eyes :  
For the great workman of this earthly mole,  
When in our body he infus'd the soule,  
He made the Intellect, Will, memory,  
A true resemblance of the Trinity.  
As they have power to issu severall,  
Most distinct operations ; yet they all  
Are one, and the same soule ; and though we name  
Them diversly, yet they are all the same.

The soule as some great Queene of many lands,  
All the corporeal faculties commands ;  
And though she seeme to rule by Deputy,  
Yet in all acts 'tis shee, and onely shee,  
VWho records onely understands, wils onely, hoords  
Onely in her vast Magazin records,  
The specie of things present, past, to come,  
And when shee will remember, to that room,

Makes



Makes her recourse. These species Satan can  
Stir up, when he intends to tempt a man,  
Objects of riches, pleasure, and the height  
Of honour; and propote with such delight,  
That the Intellect obscured by the Will,  
Shews in false glasses good, that which is ill:  
Then sense, will, understanding headlong run,  
Into transgression, and are all undone.

Ioh. Ep.

The Serpent such a colour set on pride,  
With a rich glosse of being D-ide,  
And knowing much, that *Eve* lik'd it so well,  
As having tasted Heaven, shee'd venture Hell.  
To know what's ill. The Fiends not long a wooing,  
But tels her if shee know, shee must be doing.

Gen. 3

' Behold that goodly Apple, take and eate,  
' The choyse of Paradife, delicious meat;  
' This will bestow an immortality,  
' And make you sharers in the Deity.  
' God knowes this wel, ther'fore least you should be,  
' Partners with him, he has forbid this Tree.

The liquorish Woman eyes, and eyes againe  
The Apple; sees it lovely and would faine  
Pluck it, but feares: at last demurreth so;  
' If not for use, why did this apple grow?  
' What Aromatick smell? how smooth the skin,  
' And gay? Can any poyson lurke within?  
' No sure: God in forbidding has some end,  
' That's envious, Ile believe my speckled friend;  
' Who gives the world to roame in, and excludes  
' But the least corner, all his gifts deludes,  
' And pens you in a prison All the trees  
' Of Eden are but toyes; forbidding these  
' Choise fruits, what gave God when he gave command,  
' Ore fishes, foules of th' ayre, beasts of the land?  
' And then for tooth to say, dare not once touch  
' This Apple; youngy is not valued much,  
' Hedg'd in with yorns: I had rather have,  
' What he exempts, then all the rest he gave.

' Had it not been forbid, it might have past,  
 ' Not car'd for, now I must needs, and will tast.  
 ' Be it what it will, Ile by experience try,  
 ' If it bring death, or immortality.  
 With this, maugre Jehovahs frownes and threats,  
 The bold Virago the Apple plucks and eates.  
 Shee scarce had gorg'd it when the subtile Snake,  
 Tickling with laughter in such manner spake.  
 ' Are not your eyes now open? sure you know,  
 ' What's Good and Bad: but be not envious, go  
 ' Present your husband with an Applè, and  
 ' Both good and ill alike shall understand.  
 Lets to the Devill give what is his due,  
 Though he equivocate, yet he speakes true.

But why did he assume the Serpents shape?  
 Are not there other beasts, the Fox, the Ape,  
 The Dog, the Elephant so wise as is  
 The Serpent? but he takes this vermins bisse,  
 To cheat our Grandame: Satan will declare,  
 How neare allyed he and the Serpent are.  
 All other creatures onely will defend  
 Themselves, not unprovoked man offend:  
 This venome still in ambush lyes like *Dan*,  
 To bite our heeles, and not tought poysons man.  
 What harme did we the Devill? that he shou'd,  
 Envy our happinesse, prevent our good?  
 Then in the turnes and windings that he makes,  
 How does he represent the circling snakes?  
 Observe this plot, and by one wile guesse ail,  
 As he made *Eve*, so he makes others fall.  
 Knowing the woman of the two more frayle,  
 He will the weaker vessell first assaile.  
 Knowing the man of sounder judgment, he  
 Sends his Embassadors to *Adam*, shee  
 Must play the Orator; commend the meate,  
 Turne Crocodile, peule, weep, unlesse he eate.  
 ( By such seducers *Solomon* al-wise,  
 Forsooke his God, *Sampson* lost strength and eyes. )

Gen. 49  
 Psal. 69  
 109.

3 Reg. 11.  
 Jud. 16



If we dare trust the Jewes, their stories tell,  
How *Nathan* saw before King *David* tell  
His ardent love to *Bersabe*, and thought  
To stay the Prince from his adulterous fault.  
He trudges to the Court, but in the way,  
The subtile Fiend as a dead carcase lay:  
The Prophet stops his course to interre the dead,  
Meane while the King defiles *Uriahs* bed.

*Expo. in v. 14*  
*Prop. 1. 1. 1.*

Shall we conceive *Adam* was so unwise,  
To think an apple could make cleare his eyes?  
Indude with grace, and a strong Intellect,  
He could not but on Gods command reflect,  
Wherefore we must beleewe his chiefeft end,  
In the transgression was not to offend  
His cogging wife. ( A precedent of those,  
Who to please others their owne soules dare lose. )  
So *Solomon* his Queenes so much affects,  
That for 'em to false Gods he Phanes erects:  
But did the mischief end in *Adams* sin?  
No sure! our misery must here begin.  
A businesse of such consequence, that all,  
Involv'd in him with him must joyntly fall.  
Had he been single, there had staid the doome;  
But he was Father of the World to come:  
And in his sentence we were censur'd, who  
Nere understood what appertained to  
Transgression. Ist' not strange one single crime,  
Should last, and blast all progresses of time?  
Let *Epicurus*, let the Stagirit,  
With Divine *Plato*, who have amply writ  
Of vertues, and of vices, speak the cause,  
Why man so easily transgresses Lawes.  
When all are dumbe, our sacred Volumes can  
Tell wherefore all these mischiefs lite on man.  
*Adam* had all our wils in his, and we  
Eate joyntly with him the forbidden Tree.

3 Reg. 11.

His onely act, that one pestiferous bit,  
Had many thousand *Aconites* in it.

Iesus. pref.  
lib. 1.

It scarce is swallowed when infernall gates,  
With violence flye open, Iron grates  
Of Hell are burst; anxieties, cares, feares,,  
Sorrow with all her dropping children, teares,  
Suspition, jealousie, lawlesse desire,  
Unbridled lust, pretensions to aspire.  
Pond joyes, sad discontent at present state,  
Aversion from good: anger, envy, hate,  
Avarice still greedy, griping penury,  
Dogging at the heeles of Prodigality,  
Darknesse of minde, perversity of will,  
And what in both can be suspected ill.  
Beguiling error, pervicacious schisme,  
Crab-creeping heresie, impious atheisme:  
Idolatry alwaies inventing where  
New Gods may be adorde for love or feare.  
Egypt to Ibis, Rome will sacrifice  
To th' flic, and *Gloaca* a Goddesse is.  
These monsters with their pale commander death,  
( Kept hitherto close prisoners beneath,  
Nor should they ever have beheld the Sun )  
Hearing what man against his God had done,  
Scorne longer to obey prescribed Lawes,  
But they will forth and vindicate Gods cause.

By the effects judge *Adam* of thy fault,  
These mischiefs are the purchase thou hast bought,  
Corruption is the house; the land sad woes,  
In which though with teares watered no good growes.  
Making at houre of death thy latest will,  
Thou didst bequeath this Legacy of ill,  
And for Executors, the Devil trust,  
Who though a Bankrupt, yet in this is just,  
And takes such care that jointly with our breath,  
We doe receive thy testament of death.  
Hence issue, if we well revolve our Fate,  
Those woes which follow mans accursed state:  
Hence those afflictions which attend our wayes,  
Those sad catastroph's of our wretched dayes:

Hence



Hence that unequall share of joy and paine;  
A drop of pleasure, but of woe a maine;  
O, hadst thou lov'd God more, *Eve* not so well,  
Thou wouldst have left us heires of Heaven, not Hell.

Who can describe what's sin? Nothing at all,  
And must the masse of man for nothing fall?  
All things ith' world God made, and God was glad,  
That by his making hand they being had,  
Onely thou misbegotten Monster, sin,  
As Bastards use stolest at the Window in,  
Ashamed of thy birth: God never put  
Least finger to thy Essence: Hell was shut.  
Thou wert' the Key to open it; day light  
Change by thy birth into eternall night.  
Cu st be thy birth day; let it not appeare,  
Nor once be nam'd with th'other dayes o'th yeare.  
Be long expected, and as thou shalt faile,  
Be curs'd of those, who watch to chase the Whale:  
On that black day let the Universe be sad,  
And Furies onely at thy birth be glad,  
For thou hast on us all these mischiefes hurld,  
And made a Pristine Chaos of the World.

Gen. 1.

Job 3.

And wee be angry with thee, Grandam *Eve*,  
The Mother of this Child: thou didst conceive  
The odious Monster: Satan was his Sire,  
But you adulterous Paramours conspire,  
And with such slights juggle the businesse, that  
*Adam* must father the mis-gotten brat.  
God form'd thee of the mans selected bone,  
To helpe him, that he should not be alone:  
This was your taske: Have you not help'd him well,  
And all his progeny to goe to Hell?

Gen. 2.

Gen. 3.

*Eve* must bring children forth in pangs and throes,  
And make a joyfull father by her woes,  
Which shee performes, with a delight in paine,  
(One teeming past, another hasts againe.)  
*Eve* must be subject to her Husband, and  
A Vassalle alwayes be at his command.

Grounded on this, some Common-weales ordaine,  
A Salique Law, the Distaffe shall not raigne;  
Esteeming those God censured to obey,  
Unfit for Government, and Regall sway.  
And this first fault all mankind so has vext,  
That men take all the Nation for a text  
Of their invectives, dip in gaule their quill,  
And with Satyrick lines whole Volumes fill  
Against *Eves* sex, who in much ignorance bred,  
Unable are their proper cause to plead.  
But had they pens, as good as are their tongues,  
They amply would retaliate such great wrongs:  
And we should read, as well as loudly heare,  
With how much patience they these scandals beare.

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To

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To my Honourable Friends, Ma-  
ster EDWARD, and Mistris  
RUTH PETRE.

Sermo Septimus.

The Argument.

We sing those Courtiers, who attend the Throne,  
And act commands of that most absolute One,  
Who gives all, takes from none, but what before,  
Issued from his never exhausted store:  
We likewise treat, with what despotike sway,  
This Monarck governs, Citizens obey.

**P**LATO fram'd a Republike, and it cost  
Tullie much labour to write, what is lost,  
A Common-wealth: so Aristotle writ,  
His book of Politicks, proving in it  
How the best forme of Government is, where  
One absolute Monarck shall the Scepter beare.  
Be it so, or not, let flaine *Cambyfes* Peres  
Dispute the Question: jealousies and feares,  
Arise on every side: a Monarck may  
Turne tyrant, *Nero*, or *Dionysius* play.  
Violently take your goods, command your Wives,  
And what more precious is then both your lives:  
Bring in an arbitrary Government,  
Or feare, or scorne to call a Parliament!

Herodot.

A Tyrant.

Forget himselfe, and how one single clause  
Of his life more commands then all his Lawes.  
He acts on a conspicuous stage, and is  
Subject to all his subjects clap or hiss.

*Aristocratic.*

Thus Monarcks may decline, and may not such,  
Who to a state turne Kingdomes doe as much?  
Suppose your Noblemen should beare the sway,  
Even these may erre as well as tyrants may:

Consult, combine, to keep the people low,  
And from the publike pressures potent grow.  
A crafty party circumvent the rest,  
Some few prevaile, the bad oretop the best.  
From reasons rule, and square of Justice erre,  
Before the generall, private ends prefer.

*Athens* a slave by thirty tyrants made;

And *Rome* by the Decemviri betrayd.

These promis'd cures o'th body politick,  
But made the same a hundreth times more sick.  
Weary of Kings, *Rome* ordains Consuls, those  
Supprest, shee ten chiefe Magistrates will choose.  
Rods onely scourg'd her in the dayes of Kings,  
And Consuls, these few men with Scorpions stings  
Slash the poore Commons, as none can be sure  
Of his owne goods, nor in's owne house secure:

The people grumble: let 'em, this base Yoake,  
They brought upon themselves, and till the have broake  
Their Asses backs i'th carriage must endure  
The burthen; armed Cohorts shall secure  
The tyrants lives, and military bands,  
Force speedy execution of commands.

*Democratic.*

For the fond multitude, they never knew  
Their proper good, nor what belonged to  
Or worth, or manners; Peers and Monarcks know,  
When they do injuries, that they do so.  
But the base Vulgars unrestrained wil,  
Is model of their actions good, or ill.  
A many headed monster, yet not one  
Sconce stult with Reason, or Religion;  
Fiery in prosecution of what's new,

Which



Which had, they presently their wishes rue :  
 And you as easily may, and even as soone,  
 Shape out and make a garment for the Moone,  
 Now crescent, now i'th full, now in the waine,  
 As satisfie the Vulgars fickle braine.  
 The Rable doated on this Parliament,  
 With clubs and staves for their protection went  
 To *Westminster* : gloryed to heare themselves  
 Cald Round-heads, others Cavaliers (new Guelphs  
 And Gibelines ) what blood shed they ? what fights?  
 Adventur'd for the Parliamentall rights?  
 How bountifully did they give their store,  
 Of gold at Guildhall ? yea, contribute more  
 Then was requir'd. City and Country cry,  
 T' have reverend *Land* and active *Strafford* dye,  
 As enemies to'th Realme, and Parliament ;  
 And till their heads are off ne'r be content.  
 But now the case is altered, they rayle on  
 Both Houses, cry downe for oppression  
 Excises, are so impudent, they'd thrust  
 Them from their Voting, whom themselves did trust.  
 With all their rights ; whisper, expresse their spight  
 In prose and verse, most dangerous pamphlets write :  
 Yea some ( 'tis strange ) so rash they dare proclaime  
 Themselves the authors, and subscribe a name :  
 Boldnesse and mercy, these would spend their blood  
 Most willingly, our Senators are good,  
 And will not spilt, knowing a Magistrate.  
 Should th' Emperour *Nero* (yet young ) imitate.  
 Who wept when he should signe to th' deaths of men,  
 Condemn'd, and wish'd he could not use a pen.  
 But howsoe're they hold a wolfe by th' eare,  
 Who court the multitude, and still must feare,  
 Heele byte 'em ; all their bones are broke in twaine,  
 Who seek the fickle Vulgars love to gaine.

So weak our providence, so full of feare,  
 No state that's perfect can be statish'd here ;  
 None formed yet a body politick,  
 That sundry noxious humours made not sick.

Eutopia fancied by our learned *More*,  
 Had faults, and *Platoes* Common-wealth had more.  
 Let Genoa, Jena, Venice, Amsterdam,  
 And my deare London a republike frame,  
 As they have fram'd, some Constitutions are,  
 That erre from reason, and with justice square.  
 Yet when Philolophers with all their wit,  
 (Though some were States-men) faile, our sacred Writ  
 Shall speak a Common-weale, so found, so sure,  
 That for eternity it shall endure.  
 For lift your eyes up, and contemplate them,  
 Who fill the Senate of Hierusalem;  
 There you shall see an ordered policy  
 Establish'd, a sure grounded Monarchy :  
 That on the Burgers has more blessings brought,  
 Then Common-weales have dream'd of, or have fought.  
 A glorious City, that surpasseth far,  
 Ninus vast Ninive, or the grand Caire :  
 Though that could vaunt of threescore miles in length,  
 Wals of unmeasured magnitude, and strength,  
 Almost two thousand towers as Babel high,  
 Threatning as *Memphis* Pyramids, the skie.  
 Yet if with Sion you both these compare,  
 Both filie cottages, both Sheep-coats are.

Apo. 21.  
 Tob. 13.

The pavement, wals, and rooffe of gold are made,  
 With diamonds and precious stones inlaide.  
 That with their lustre give a constant light,  
 Although such need not, for the sable night  
 Is ever banish'd thence ; ( the fulgent rayes,  
 Oth' slaughtered Lamb, causing perpetuall dayes.)  
 No watch, no warding at the severall ports,  
 No military stations at the Forts.  
 Onely at every Gate an Angel stands,  
 And brandishes a Fauchion in his hands,  
 To keep Malignants out, as heretofore  
 Th' Angel kept watch and ward at Edens dore.  
 And when that shame of nature went about,  
 To break *Lots* house, the angels kept 'em out :

Gen. 3.

Ibid. 19.

Besides



Besides the Citizens al souldiers are,  
Knights of *St. Vincent* for their feats of War.  
They made their passage through a crimson flood,  
(As did the Israelites) of Iesus blood.  
And Satan mindfull he was vanquish'd here,  
Scarce lifts his eyes to Heaven, much lesse comes there.

Exod. 4.

The forme of Government is such; one King,  
To whom all homage owe, and tribute bring;  
His Court most glorious: Myriads of those Peres,  
Whose charge it is to volve the circling Spheres,  
Assist his throne: Cherubs who pierce, and see,  
The secret Orders of the Deity.  
And those Seraphike Lords, with fire love  
Inflam'd, in and about the centre move  
Oth' divine Essence. Sedentary be,  
The thrones, and with a sweet tranquillity,  
Contemplate God. Ore sublunary things,  
The dominations sway, and act their Kings  
Commands; who use to imploy the powers  
When he will curbe those enemies of ours,  
Th' Aerial Potentates: as Satan would,  
Bring *Moses* body forth, that th' Hebrews should  
Idolize, he was made hold his peace  
By *Michael*, and from th' enterprize surcease.  
Who take the charge of Kings and kingdoms, these  
Are sti'd magnifiquie Principalities.  
When God prodigious operations takes  
In hand, he then the active Virtues makes  
His instruments. Angels, archangels, are  
His Nuntio's, when he pleases to declare  
His mind to Mortals: the angel *Gabriel* went,  
In Embassie to crave a Maids consent,  
And as some Paranymphe prepare a roome,  
Where God himselfe should to our nature come,  
And wooing in's owne person make a tie  
Berwixt our flesh, and his Divinity,  
The hypostatick Union was the Ring,  
Did make the match, and to perfection bring.

The Hierarchy of Angels.

Epist. Iud.

Luc. 1.

And

Eph. 5.

And made our lampe of despicable clay,  
 Ore the Empyrian Dominations sway.  
 What time the Spouse, both Jewes and Gentiles takes,  
 And with them both a mystique marriage makes.

The fervent Seraphin, and Cherubs be  
 Lords of Gods privy Councell, although he  
 Nor sits, nor needs much to deliberate,  
 What's to be done in busineses of State.  
 Yet some blest Angels know more of his mind,  
 And in the Book of Life (read deeply,) find,  
 The fixt decrees of his eternall will,  
 How he elects the good, rejects the ill.  
 Some leaders of Gods Army, whom he sends,  
 Or to subdue his foes, or aide his friends;  
 So *Michael*, Generalissimo, commands  
 The sacred Brigades, and Caelestiall Bands;  
 Guesse at their strength, by what but one has done;  
 Killing in Egypt every first borne son.

Exod. 11.

All this one night perform'd : Did not almost  
 Two hundreth thousand of the Syrian Host,  
 Oth' ground lye gasping, by one Angell kil'd,  
 And all the rest with Panick terror filde,  
 Trudge with their King away? some Angel must  
 I'th latest day collect all humane dust :  
 When soules shall reassume their flesh, and give,  
 Account of all their actions done alive.

4. Reg. Ch. 19.

All these great Princes houely waite upon  
 Their glorious King, encompassing his throane,  
 To doe him service, and i'th very name,  
 Each one Enucleates his Creators fame.  
 For every single appellation suites,  
 To be the Banner of Gods attributes.  
 The Seraphim proclaime that ardent fire,  
 Wherewith the Persons mutually conspire,  
 To give existence, and communicate,  
 To whats existent an accomplish'd state.  
 The Cherubs witnesse an abyss of skill,  
 In the production, and a provident will,



In government oth' world : both in the height  
 Of wisdom, number, and of weight.  
 How fitly doe the quiet thrones expresse,  
 Gods never to be altered quietnesse ?  
 Who in himsele immov'd, alwayes the same,  
 With various motions alters the Worlds frame.  
 Mutations in the fire, ayre, water, land,  
 And in all these God has a speciall hand.  
 But as some Rock fixt firmly midst the waves,  
 Stirs not a jot, although the ocean raves,  
 And boysterous winds conspiring with the tyde,  
 Cause noyse, and feare alike on every side :  
 So in the world, though daily motions be,  
 Changes of elements, and Kingdomes; he  
 Who changes all, sits quiet in his throne,  
 Ever the same unalterable, One.  
 Powers, vertues, principalities, display  
 With dominations a despotick sway.  
 The Angels fancied young with Cherubs wings,  
 The cheerfull expedition in their Kings  
 Commands : these ninety nine have never cr'd,  
 But alwayes loyal to their God adher'd :  
 When *Lucifer* that Catelin lost his place,  
 These purchast glory, keeping their first grace.  
 A mighty Prince prepar'd *Assuermus* feasts,  
 And sent his Vassals to invite the guests,  
 And bid 'em forthwith to the banquet come,  
 They onely wanted to adorne his roome.  
 They all excuse ; one answers, he hath bought,  
 A Farme, and goes to see if 't be worth ought ;  
 Another has bought Oxen, and must know  
 By tryall, whether they be good or no.  
 The third's a married man, and for his life,  
 He cannot obtaine licence of his wife.  
 What's to be done ? must all the Kates be spoyld ?  
 This noble Prince, and all his court'ie foyld ?  
 No sure his servants goe to every street,  
 And take up all the passengers they meet.

H

Matth. 18.

Esther. 1.

Luc. 14.

Yea

Yet there is place: he sends for the Ris-raf,  
 They come sit at his table, drink, eate, laugh.  
 Such is Gods bounty, he prepared feasts,  
 Adorn'd heavens Hall, and onely wanted guests  
 To fill the roomes of these rebellious Fiends,  
 Wherefore to Jews and Gentiles out he sends.  
 Many excuse themselves: some pride of life  
 Retard, some hope of gaine, others a Wife.  
 But who can crosse Gods efficacious will?  
 Guests are compel'd, whether they wil or nil,  
 By congruous grace to come, and fill the seats  
 O'th trayterous Elves, and feed on dainty meats.  
 The lame, the feeble, and the poore in spirit,  
 By grace of Christ advanc'd, not their owne merit,  
 To Gods owne table, eate Caelestiall Kates,  
 Where Angels minister, and Jesus waites.

Of these in Heaven a countlesse multitude,  
 Inhabit, not as the base vulgar rude;  
 But deeply learned, having for their book,  
 Even God himselfe, on whom they daily look:  
 And as they more or lesse relations see  
 Ith' sacred triad, so they learned be;  
 And happy more or lesse, and what them all,  
 Most firmly comforts, they shall never fall  
 From this beatitude: some ages past,  
 This state of things shall end; theirs ever last.  
 No sicknesse, no diseases can come neare  
 That happy Towne, nor is there any feare,  
 That all consuming time, or pensive cares,  
 Shall issue furrowing wrinkles, or gray hayres:  
 Never sedition troubled this blest towne,  
 Since *Lucifer* that Boutifew fel downe.  
 And care is had that none shall enter in  
 The gates, defil'd with leproisie of sin.

Tis true, there's difference twixt the light of stars,  
 Yet cannot inequality breed jars:  
 No Saint repining at anothers share,  
 Though some more glorious then some others are.



All rest contented with their proper store  
Of grace, and glory, and require no more.  
And 'twere a madnesse any should repine,  
The cheerfull Sun should on his fellow shine;  
Or dropping Clouds with a fructiferous shower,  
Upon his neighbours fields a blessing poure.  
The selfe same mirrour bounteously reflects,  
Upon a thousand severall mens aspects.  
The aiery species, nor is lesse your view,  
Because a thousand sharers are with you.  
God is this glorious planet, this cleere glasse,  
That cheers all, shews all objects as they passe.  
Though he cheer all, though he be seen of many,  
All this is done sans detriment of any.  
And had there been millions of such worlds more,  
Of saints, and angels, an innumerable store,  
All had had heat, all had as clearly seen,  
Yet th'object never penetrated been.  
As easily God giving life and forme,  
To alas he doth to the filliest worme:  
And though to some his bounties ampler be,  
Yet even in this we shal Decorum see.  
As architects, who reare a house or wal,  
When pondrous stones are fit, apply not smal:  
When smal proportion will not massie place,  
For so the worke would want both art and grace.  
Such is Gods City made of lively stones,  
Spiritual Chrysolithes, and Unions.  
The Sardonix, and sparkling Chrysoprase,  
Beryllus, Jasper, Christaline like glasse.  
All these rich Jems proportionably cut,  
Are in that forme, and decent manner put,  
And of such quantity, and valour be,  
As with the Universe shal best agree.  
For if the workman shewed such curious art,  
In making this low Orbe, and every part  
Contain'd in it, how must his skill abound,  
When he a palace for himselfe wil found?

We have view'd Gods City, know the subjects, now  
 Let's contemplate the policy and how  
 This mighty Monarck governs, by what law  
 So steers, his subjects love, yet stand in aw.  
 Kings are compel'd to employ their subjects hands,  
 As useful instruments of their commands:  
 They cannot live without 'em, nor are Kings,  
 Unless the subject necessary things;  
 Supply for life, and state, whence come their treasures,  
 But from the subjects purse? even to their pleasures  
 The subject must contribute, nor the field,  
 Nor River without Subjects pleasure yeild,  
 Unless the Falconer traversing the mounds,  
 Shall lure the Hawke, the hunt-men rate the Hounds.  
 In masques, and shoves, and playes, which Princes see,  
 Subjects must revellers, and actors be.

If he rule wisely the best Monarck heares,  
 More with his subjects, then with his owne cares:  
 He must have ledgers, and his spies maintaine,  
 To informe what's done in Rome, France, Flanders, Spaine.  
 Ist' the least misery of Kings to stand  
 In feare of their owne subjects, least they band  
 Against them, or plot treason; Monarcks are,  
 Jealous when subjects grow too popular,  
 Too potent, or too rich; on purpose send  
 Them out Embassadors, to make 'em spend  
 Their formidable treasures: Or in shew  
 Of honour, let 'em for their Viceroyes goe  
 To the remoter Indies. Who can tell,  
 How many Monarks by their Vassals fell?  
 We need not travaile Greece, Rome, Beme, France, Spaine;  
 In our sole Britaine fifty Monarks slaine:  
 That *Aventinus* boldly dares report,  
 The Roman-German Emperor kept a court,  
 Where Kings were subject: none but Asses were  
 Vassalles to the French King, because they beare  
 Such heavy burdells; the Hesperian Kings,  
 Were Kings of men, because the Spaniard clings

*Aventinus de*  
*Beho Turco.*  
*George Abbot*  
*Archbish Can.*  
*in his descrip-*  
*tion of the*  
*World.*



So closely to his Prince. A King of Devils;  
 Our English King, by reason of the evils  
 Against their Kings done by the subjects hands,  
 Rebellions, depositions, murders, bands.  
 Yet we must understand their's mighty ods,  
 Betwixt the Commons, and terrestrial Gods.  
 Angels guard us, archangels wait on them,  
 Secure their persons, and protect the Realme  
 For Monarks sakes: let the world know that Kings,  
 Are gods on earth, and consecrated things.  
 Precious 'ir sight of God, in state most high,  
 Who touch 'em, touch the apple of Gods eye.  
*Semei* may barke, *Achitophel* counsel give,  
 But how long after did these traytors live?  
 The polititian, farewell gently takes  
 Of all his freinds, and with decorum makes  
 (If hanging have a decency) an end  
 Of 's loathed life. *Semei* is made a friend,  
 To the restored King; but with this law  
 (Which whilst he lives shal keep himstil in awe)  
 He must not leave his house: some few years palle,  
 His servants run away; mounting his Ass  
 He brings 'em back againe. 'Tis told the Prince,  
 And *Semei* dyes for 's first, and last offence.  
 (Gods scourge oretaking (though 'tis sometimes long)  
 Still subjects, who dare doe their Monarks wrong.)  
 But though high powers guard Kings, yet we may see,  
 How to their subjects spleens they subject be.

No such dependant Monarchie in Heaven,  
 Where nothing by the subject can be given,  
 That was not Gods before: their very being  
 Glorious endowments, beatifque seeing.  
 For pleasure, not for want of power or skill,  
 He makes the Angels actors of their will.  
 Nor feares he mutinies; lov's the onely law,  
 Of their obedience, and a filyall awe.  
 Should any rise (which cannot be) one frowne,  
 Would easily cast to Hell the Rebels downe.

Matth. 18.

Dan. 10.

Pf. 81.

Zach. 2.

Reg. 2. cap. 16.

ib. 17.

ibid. 19.

Reg. 3. cap. 2.

Who acts al things, above, beneath the Sun,  
Needs no informers to know what is done.

Apoc. 7.  
Galat. 4.

The greatest Monark governs, as well clounes,  
As Kings: in Heaven all are Kings, all weare crownes.  
Nor can we reckon the innumeros list,  
Of Gods apparent heys, coheys with Christ.  
Commanders of his Military Bands,  
Who for their brave exploits by Gods owne hands,  
Have Diadems set on every Victors front,  
Of precious stones, and every stone has on't  
The trophees they have rear'd by Victories got,  
As with the Devill, World, and Flesh they fought.

Thus is our Sions government in all  
Points most complicat, truly Monarchicall.

---

  
To  

---



To the right Honourable, *Thomas*  
 Lord Brudenol, Master *Robert* Brudenol  
 his Son, and my learned Friend, Master  
*James* Tate.

*Sermo Octavus.*

The Argument.

*All good here scantied, if a Man have wealth,  
 He wants or wit to use it, or wants health.  
 This witty as Achitophel; but his case,  
 As poore as Iobs, or worse: for he wants grace.  
 Onely in Heaven these Three are friendly joyn'd,  
 Health, Wealth, and choise endowments of the Mind:  
 Then the fourth Good on these Three former waites,  
 Angels, Archangels, Patriarcks are your mates:  
 With Prophets, Martyrs, Doctors to their King,  
 Melodious Allelujas you shall sing.*



He end of Common weales is to procure,  
 A temporall happinesse, and put in ure,  
 All means conducent to that purpose, this  
 Obtain'd they rest contented with such blisse.  
 Was ever Rome, Sparta, or Athens blest,  
 With such a happinesse? Lets view the rest,  
 Of Common-wealths; they often chang'd their formes  
 Of government, to be secur'd from stormes.  
 Now Kings, now Peers, now Commons, now commixt,  
 All three; no policy long standing fixt.

Which

Which shews that all your Common-wealths are lame,  
Gaine not their ends, but onely at them aime.

Are private men more happy? Let us see

*Aristot. Nich.* What's requisite to our felicity.

A plenteous fortune, Dowries of the minde,  
To which the bodys health must be adjoyn'd.  
(Does not such blisse stand on a ticklish point,  
The Gout, or head-ach can put out of joynt?)

Then choyle associates must accumulate,  
The full fruition of a blessed state:

And 'tis extension of a private good,  
When friends pertake in our Beaitude.

Such have blind Fortunes various changes been,

That never yet a Common-wealth was seene,

Or single man, in whom these blessings joyn'd,

Friends, health, the goods of fortune, and the Minde.

In wrongs was *Alexander* fortunate,

His friends unfaithfull, minde intemperate.

What was his fury? what his drunkenesse?

When he slue *Clitus*, and *Callisthenes*.

Virtues in others can this Prince offind,

Which were they his, heed' in himselte commend.

What can content this brainlick young mans minde?

When what his foes cannot, himselte will finde

A want in his owne greatnesse: *Philips* son,

Though Asia he subdu'd has nothing done.

Because *Perdiccas* hath a warlike brest,

*Lysimachus* amongst his Chieftaines best,

Can lead an Army. *Attalus* brave gate,

A shew casts on *Alexanders* state.

*Seleucus* is magnanimous, and where,

Dangers and death are most apparent, there

He will be formost, *Ptolomy* does rest

In Fortunes lap, all his attempts are blest.

Thus envy has, as *Argus* many eyes,

Above, beneath, on every side three spies.

We hate Superiours, because they are so,

We feare least our Inferiours equall grow.



We look a squint on such we fellows see,  
And have a jealousie theyle better be.

The best of Romans, and most worthy man,  
Was *Scipio* Major, surnam'd African.  
Was he accomplish'd? no, though wherein weake,  
His noble Wife can, but disdains to speake.

Omitting these, wee come to *Solomon*,  
A type of the Messias, *Dauids* son:

This Monarck by his subjects even ador'd  
For wisdom, with all rich endowments stor'd:  
Well kend all plants, and could describe the tall  
Czdar as well, as th' Hylop of the wall:  
He knew all secrets, and could make his texts,  
The causes influences on their effects:

He well was verst in what few mortals know,  
Whence it proceeds, why these, and those winds blow.  
And what learn'd *Aristotle* put beside,

His wits, he knew the ebbing of the Tyde,  
And the reflux: whether the Moone be cause  
Th' Ocean in both observes such constant lawes.

Taught by omniscious God, he knew the motions  
Of all the Orbs, and how their revolutions  
Sway sublunary things, and whether those  
Have a predominance in joyes and woes.

Whether our *Lilie* or his *Booker* erre,  
Or we must *Wharton* before them both prefer:  
Had he writ Almanacks, (and sure he had  
Such knowledge, halfe whereof would have made mad  
All our Astrologers) by this we had seene,  
What th' end of all our troubles would have been.

Sith these by Prophets onely are foretold,  
For we are masters of our arts and hold  
Our Fortunes in our hands: stars may incline,  
But not necessitate thy will or mine.

Had he turn'd Alchymist (as many say  
He did) he would have taken the right way,  
To make projection come, and not with brags  
Of *Peru's* mines, have gone himsele in rags,

*Valerius Max.*  
3. 1. 1.

3 Reg. 10. 11.

As our impostures doe, who rich men cheat,  
 Onely to sneak in ratters and to eate.  
 The Rabbins tell, so powerfull was his skill,  
 That th' aerie potentates obeyd his will;  
 And that in pitty knowing how much hurt,  
 Is done to mankind by this glistering durt,  
 Cal'd Gold, the sinews of unnaturall war,  
 Lust, and ambition; and how Lawyers are  
 Furnish'd by this to feed eternall strife,  
 'Twixt friend and dearest friend, man and his wife;  
 And if men get the Philosophick stone,  
 All would be rich, proud, and luxurious, none  
 Go the right way; he therefore th' Angels bound,  
 By a strong oath, that whensoe'r they found,  
 Projection, neare to come, they should like thunder,  
 Fall on th' Alembiks, and break all asunder,  
 And ever since projection has been spun,  
 Even to the latest day: then all's undone.  
 Though Empricks whine and sweare some grievous fault  
 Has crush their stils, and made their science halt.

Our *Solomon* had a full theorie  
 Of all the morall arts: Oeconomie,  
 How we should rule our house, how rule a state,  
 How our unruly passions subjugate.  
 How we should children rule, and if we can,  
 Make every wife obeisant to her man.  
 What all surmounts by gift of prophecy,  
 He could the mysteries of our Church foresee;  
 And to one God a sumptuous Temple reare,  
 Prefiguring that which Jesus here  
 Founded: although to this inferiour far,  
 As to prototypons all shadows are.  
 Then wrapt with heavenly fires chaste hymns entroule,  
 Wherewith the Spoule shall count the Church, the soule,  
 (His compheres) and as this musician sings,  
 The amorous embraces of his Kings,  
 In strong allusions, and harmonious ayres,  
 What are his owne perfections he declares.

Prov.  
 Eccles.

3 Reg.

His



*Devout Rhapsodies.*

59

His comely body was a curious house,  
For a composed soule. His Memphian spouse  
Ith' following song thus shall her consort greet.

' The fragrant roses and white lillies meet,  
' In my loves face, his forme surpasseth far,  
' The sons of men! th' attractive graces are,  
' Dancing about his lips, when heele decide  
' Some doubtfull case, or else his wit is tryde  
' In parables, what Combs of hony flow,  
' What heavenly elocution does he show?  
' Kings and Domesticks, all astonish'd gaze  
' Upon him, and the happy fortunes praise,  
' Of the worst Meriall of his house, who stands,  
' And hears as well his wisedome, as commands.  
' If these enjoy such blisse, how great is hers,  
' Whom to his bed, and bosome he prefers,  
' His loyall consort, Empreffe, turtle Dove,  
' His friend, compleatly faire, his onely Love?

Cant.

Psal. 44.

3 Reg.

Will you behold the royall majesty,  
Of Spanish Kings? travell to Sicily,  
Or else at Naples, view the Viceroyes port,  
And all the glorious circumstance of Court.  
But if youle see Magnificence indeed,  
To *Salems* new adorned city speed.  
There youle behold a mighty Prince command,  
From the Sea shore to swift Euphrates strand,  
Potent in horse and foot: innumerable sums,  
Of coyne, of Serean silks, Arabian Gums,  
Odours of Saba: every neighbour King,  
Courts him with presents, or does Tribute bring.  
His Fleet (in a firme league of friendship joyn'd,  
With Tyrian Hiram) shall mount Ophir finde,  
And marking when the Lyons goe to pray,  
Seaze on the precious Ore, and bring away:  
( For Ophir Lyons dig, and watch those Mines,  
Of purer dust which covetous man refines,  
And spreads about the world to maintaine what,  
Ambition, lust, wrath, envy, levell at. )

R. 3. c. 9.

Lyn. ib.

Psal. 44.

3 Reg. 10.

7 Reg.

Eccles. 3.

Now view this glorious Monarck sit alone,  
 ( Like some terrestriall God on's Ivory throne )  
 Or the resplendent Sun at noon dayes pride,  
 His Memphian Empresse sitting by his side,  
 In a rich pearl-imbroidered Cyclad dight,  
 ( Resembling the faire mistresse of the night. )  
 Two massie Lyons made of beaten gold,  
 On either side the high-set-throne uphold :  
 Six steps th' ascent : a dozen Lyons are,  
 Of the same metall guarding every staire.  
 A world of Grandees wait upon their Prince,  
 Admiring his full answers, and deep sence :  
 Either as he Embassadors shall grace,  
 Or else enucleate some ambiguous case :  
 For pleasures now what were his house and court ?  
 A City this, that Eden full of sport.  
 Ordered so well that every meniall knowes  
 His proper duties, and discharges those  
 Without disturbance to the rest, all move  
 In their owne centrike lines as do's behove,  
 Vassalles of *Solomon* : the plaines, the woods,  
 Yield profit and delight ; the springs, the floods,  
 To fish-ponds turn'd, and made inhabitants,  
 About his house to water trees, flowers, plants.  
 When he feeds every element combines  
 To grace his board : the earth her richest wines.  
 Sea, earth, and ayre, present fish, fowle, and beasts,  
 And every day he makes Apician feasts.  
 At all his banquets, massie plate behold,  
 Cups, Tankards, Flagons, all of purest gold,  
 Embost with Jems : For gold, pearles, diamonds,  
 Abounded there, as rife as precious stones.  
 What stately Masques, where wit with bravery strives,  
 Presented are before him, and his wives,  
 And concubines ? ( a thousand ) every one,  
 So gracious, might be a Prototypon,  
 And single give ingenious *Zenxis* lawes,  
 When for rich *Crotoy* he a Goddesse drawes,



At every straine such musique charmes their eares,  
May paralell with the Harmonious spheres.

Such was the life of *Solomon*, and sure,  
If you will character an Epicure,  
Envelop'd in all pleasures, doe but look,  
And seriously, upon this Monarcks book,  
And you must grant an happinesse, if this  
Low Orbe, and all things in't can yeeld a blisse.  
But *Moore*s, and *Plato's* Common-weals have been  
Fancied ingeniously, though never seen.  
And *Xenophon* with a neat pen could draw  
A curious Cyrus, whom the world nere saw.  
So *Aristotle* form'd a happy man,  
In his owne braine, which no age could or can,  
Or shall behold: Riches, and outward things,  
Are temporary. Pleasure brings  
No constant blisse: are wives, and women ware,  
More precious? let our Ancestors declare  
The worth of these. What is for silver sold,  
Lesse valued is then Silver, lesse then gold:  
A Wife by Gods command the Prophet buyes,  
And with her having paid his Sicles lyes:  
A Kings first daughter chaffer'd for the skins,  
And flippits of preputiate Philistins.  
We goe beyond their wisdome; now 'tis common,  
Without a Dowry few will take a woman.  
Five thousand, twenty, forty thousand crownes,  
Laid downe upon the naile; wardrobes of gownes.  
And rich attire, jewels prepar'd before  
Shee enters her dread Lord, and husbands dore.  
Yet notwithstanding all this stir and cost,  
The haplesse husbands have by th' bargain lost.  
For some such shrews, or rather Furies are,  
Their husband's better be without 'em far.

What are your Empires? what your large commands?  
So many severall cares, as severall lands.  
What are your stately masques? ingenious playes?  
What uttered, shewes perform'd by Popinjays.

*Ecclesi. 2.*

*Ofa. 2.*

*Reg. 1. 13.*

Besides this transitory life's so short,  
That passing we can onely look at sport,  
Not sit by it; that thread, the life of man  
Spins out, fitly resembled to a span.

Math 6.

Eccles. 1.

What's *Solomon* on his Imperiall Throne,  
His Grandees all attending, every one  
Praising his wisdom? Despicable clay,  
Accoured well, set forth in rich array:  
Yet thus set forth a Lilly withering streight,  
Shall quite eclipse this gaudy Monarcks state.  
If wisdom, learning, erudition bring  
Felicity; we must confesse this King  
A happy man: but he himselfe shall grant,  
Where's much affliction, likewise ther's much want  
Of happinesse: though sciences delight,  
Yet what a toyle is studying day and night,  
To purchase arts; and when all's done none know,  
What animates a dog, a cat, a crow.  
We see when any such poore creature dyes,  
The flesse carkeasse without motion lyes.  
Death some thing must destroy, some thing divide,  
That soule and body hath together tyde.  
The union's lost, where is, and what is that?  
Did constitute a crow, a dog, a cat.  
We cannot tell, more then in generall,  
How we these actuating soules should call.

We have surveigh'd the world and nothing finde,  
Which can beatifie mans restless mind:  
Created to be happy: must this end,  
Be frustrate? must we toyle, and labour spend  
In vaine? No! we will fly with wings of love  
To heaven; and finde beatitude above.

The state of joy and pleasure, is the will,  
The object either reall good or ill,  
Yet such as clothes it selfe in the antique time  
Of good: the senses when what they desire,  
They have, transmit to th' soule (their Queene) delight,  
Which issues from the hearing, tast, smell, sight.

That



That pleasure is the soules, we are easily taught,  
Because the will, or else some pensive thought  
Can curbe all pleasure in exterior tane.  
Yea more, convert all pleasure into paine.

Faire *Altheia* the search, and object is  
O'h' understanding, and its proper blisse  
Is formall verity: How are we glad,  
When certaine demonstrations can be had,  
In any science? through what labours run,  
To finde how, where, by whom, such deeds were done?  
Pleasures belong to th' will, and to know much  
Gives the understanding great contentment: such  
Knowledge have Sions Citizens; they know  
All things; as torrents, so their pleasures flow.  
A torrent, blessing the overwhelmed meads,  
Derives his Origen from severall heads:  
Heaven-threatening mountaines in abundance send,  
Their fleecy snowes; the neighbouring rivers lend  
Friendly their streames, heavens cataracts fly ope,  
The earth to all her flood-gates gives full scope:  
So shall there be a confluence of all good,  
To make compleat the Saints beatitude.  
Will understanding, memory, every Sence,  
Shall freely give a large benevolence.

A body so exact in every part,  
That skillfull nature cannot mend, nor art  
Make better, after the age of Christ; for he,  
As author, so the exemplar cause must be  
Of the Saints blisse; full of agility,  
Can when it will through the aerie Kingdomes flie.  
*Drakes* Ship as a rare monument was kept,  
At *Debsfort*, 'cause she had the Ocean swept;  
Encompassing the world, and ere the Sun  
Had thrice his course through th' oblique Zodiack run,  
Circled the coasts of parched Africa,  
Of Asia, Europe, and America.  
What is this world compar'd to heaven? a span,  
To fifty leagues. Yet the Saints bodyes can,

*Torrente u' m'p-  
ratis u' m'p-  
ratis.  
Psal. 35.*

*Ephes. 4.*

*The dowries  
of a glorified  
body.*

*Agility.*

- As soone as the swift sun all regions see,  
 And at the journeyes end not wearied be.  
 Then how pellucid bodyes made divine  
 By glory are? how radiantly they shine.
- Claritie.* Here they were Tabernacles (though of clay,)  
 In which soules deare to God, a while made stay,  
 Organs oth' divine glory; so *Pauls* tongue,  
 Through th' Universe, Gods praise, and Gospel sung,
- A. A.* Orethrew Idolatry, orethrew false Gods,  
 His body for the true God scourg'd with rods.  
*2 Cor. 11.* Orewhelm'd with stones; in perils on the Maine,  
 His head by th' sword from off his shoulders tane.  
 These severall members for the severall wounds,  
 Shall be adorn'd with severall Diamonds.  
 Anadems of glory circle that blest front,  
*A. A. 7.* Gyrlands of richest Jewels set upon't.  
 The Proto-Martyrs body black and blew,  
 With stones shall shine in a most fulgent hue.
- Subtiltie.* Such glorious dowries, the Saints bodyes grace,  
 That rocks and hardest marble must give place.  
 To make them way, nor can they suffer harme,  
*Impassibility* By any sword manag'd by th' strongest arme.  
 Subject to woes, to blowes, to torments here,  
 Senselesse of woes, of blowes, of torments there.
- Parch'd Afriks glory (borne in's mothers eyes)  
 (An happier issue of her holy cries,  
*S. Aug.* Then of her wombe) would magnifie three sights  
 Above all other temporall delights.
- 1.* To see our Saviour in that flesh araid,  
 In which he was to the false Jewes betraid,  
 By Gentiles crucified, rose from the grave,  
 And by his death did Jewes and Gentiles save.
- 2.* To heare the Doctor of the Gentiles *Paul*,  
 Either in the Athenian judgement Hall,  
*A. A. 17.* From th' unknowne statue fit occasion take,  
 And to his auditors a Sermon make:  
 Or in the Synagogues, instruct the Jewes,  
 How he whom they so barbarously did use,



Naild to the Crosse should with much glory conie,  
To give all Mortals an impartiall doome.  
Or else before the Roman Presidents,  
Thundring Gods judgements, and what punishments  
Attend transgressors, with his Rhetorick make  
Affrighted *Felix* and *Drusilla* quake.  
Then what a glorious sight wil't be to see,  
Great Rome in all her former Majesty?  
Or in *Augustus*, or *Vespasians* time,  
Proud with the Trophees of the Easter clime?  
The spoiles of Nations *Cesars* bringing forth  
In Ovant pompe, what in the South and North  
Was rich, and glorious: Souldiers crown'd with Bayes,  
Echoing in Pæans their Commanders praise.

Ag. 1, 12, 20

23

Ag. 24

Rome at the greatest was but thirty miles  
About; had for its household-stuffe the spoiles  
Of the whole World: the riches of all Realmes,  
Arabian Gums, and gold, Egyptian Gems.  
What's thirty miles to Sions amplitude?  
What's the worlds treasure to Beatitude?  
We speake a Citie, where large Kingdomes are  
The gracefull streets: Rome, Babylon, Grand Caire;  
But simple Cottages compar'd with ours,  
Their Pallaces, their high-Heaven-threatning Towers,  
But sties for swine: though we fond mortals cry  
Em up, not knowing true Felicity.

Heavenly Jerusalem with jems is built,  
The Wals, the Battlements, the Turrets guilt,  
The streets are pav'd with Saphire, Ophir stones,  
Berill, rich Carbuncles, and Uniones,  
In such a Citie, (when the blest soules must,  
Be reunited to their wonted dust,  
Compleated by that Union) the Saints shall  
Have lordly domination over all  
The World, and seated in Majestick chaires,  
Judge Nations, heires of God, with Christ coheires.  
Be conversant with him, humbly adore,

Apoc. 21.

Tob. 13.

Sap. 3.

Rom. 8.

And kisse those wounds by which he triumph'd ore  
The grave, and Hell; acknowledge his sole blood,  
The onely price of their Beatitude.

Therefore with the Elders' every Saint casts downe  
Prostrate at Jesus feet his royall Crowne.

Not onely in the mirrour of Gods minde,  
You shall the Apostles, *Paul, John, Peter* finde,  
But all the Patriarcks, Martyrs, Doctors see,  
Converse, and with 'em most familiar be.  
Heare every passage of their lives and deathes,  
How the stout Martyrs purchased their wreathes.  
Heare *Paul* relate through what Seas he did wade,  
What dangers scap't, where, what Orations made,  
And before whom; what good his Sermons wrought,  
And who by them into the Church were brought.  
And as he speakes, so act at every straine,  
That you would think you heard him preach againe.

Your understanding shall be lightened so,  
That you the severall Hierarchies shall know,  
See perfectly what now, wee but in trust,  
Take up; if every Individuum must  
Bee a severall Species by it selfe, and God  
Must needs of the same Forme create an od;  
Suppose, if two of the same forme heele make,  
He must our Mother, the first Hyle take.  
But these are Nicities: Your principall  
Happinesse is God, whose Vision includes all  
May fatishe. What's done in Heaven, the Son,  
By his Father got: active Spiration.  
How these embracing mutually conspire,  
From both their heats, to give eternall fire  
Its Origen: which sent by them shall move,  
In such a circle, that with ardent love  
The World shall burne, acknowledging a Law,  
That shall both Jewes and Gentiles keep in awe.  
A Law not of sterne threats and fetters made,  
To compell man; but gently shall perswade,



Attracte with tyes of love, no more command,  
Then what may easily with practice stand.

Zach.

Let's well observe what things are requisite  
To draw from Scientifique arts delight,  
So shall we know what they, and how much pleasure  
Enjoy, who purchast have this hidden treasure.  
A power, a faculty, apt to conceive,  
And from proportion'd objects formes receive;  
And knowledge, and delight, compleater be,  
According to the objects dignitie.  
This power cognoscitive must be combine,  
With th' object, and the closer it is joynde,  
The more it knowes, receives the more content,  
And both increase when th' object's excellent.  
Can any object be like God? of good,  
The fountaine, in himselfe Beatitude.  
Of bounty, mercy, justice, a vast Ocean,  
Whole every vertue, every single notion  
Speaks an abyss of worth; where sily sheepe  
May wade, Elephants may swim, not reach the deep.  
With this sea of perfections, sea of good,  
The soul's so joynd, tis swallowed in the flood.  
Immerg'd so deeply in that vast abyss,  
That with it one, and the same spirit 'tis.  
Knowes all his immanent acts, sees all respects,  
Which his All-potent hand has to effects.  
Is entred to all Gods joyes, and injoyes  
Made one with God, all treasures, pleasures, joyes.  
Gods all in all things, and whom he unites  
So neerly to him, with him all delights  
Pertakes; nor need the blessed journeyes take,  
To seek Beatitude; God alone will make  
Them happy, having in himselfe all store  
Of bounty, mercy, justice, wisdom, power.  
And such an object how must it distill,  
Torrents of pleasures on the ravish'd will?  
How shall our memorie, that rich Magazin,

1.

2.

3.

1 Cor 6.

1 Cor. 13.

Of all Idas showing what has been,  
 Is extant, shall exist before us lay  
 All acts from the Worlds cradle to this day?  
 Present all passages through our life run,  
 The manie favours God for us hath done:  
 The many dangers we have scapt, the fights,  
 We had against the world, the flesh, the slights  
 Of Satan, how God aided with his grace,  
 And brought us Conquerours to this happy place,  
 Where ( our browes circled with triumphant bayes )  
 Eternally we shall his mercies praise.  
 Then we surveigh the worlds Chronologie,  
 And entring in Gods Cabinet councill see,  
 Why he so oft hath suffered just men here  
 To be opprest, the wicked domineere.  
 Plainely perceive these miserable times,  
 To issue from the deluge of our crimes.  
 Our bloody sins have made so loud a cry,  
 Nothing can cure us but Phlebotomie.  
 We did abhor the very name of Peace,  
 The clamour of the Drum shall never cease.  
 We chase Religion out the Land, not any  
 One can content us, now we have too many.  
 Did too much plenty cause a surquedrie?  
 Famine shall cure it, and much penurie.  
 The stock of cattle spent, a barren yeare  
 Shall Victuals make, and Corne excessive deare.  
 Excises shall, set up on every score,  
 Adde to the famine, and undoe the poore.  
 Necessity caus'd taxes, the same Law,  
 Must keep 'em up to keep the rout in awe.  
 Why did th' ambitious Horse endure the bit,  
 To chase the hart, then would be free from it?  
 But cann't; who thrust themselves into a yoke,  
 Deserve to beare untill their backs be broake.  
 The Saints shall see why God permits all this,  
 And not a jot be troubled in their blisse,



For those blest Citizens of Sion be,  
As well from trouble, as from sicknesse free.  
Nor can their Kin, or dearest friends annoy,  
Though knowne, diminish their eternall joy.  
For mercies towards themselves, to God they owe,  
And praise his justice in Delinquents woe.

---

**K<sub>3</sub>**

**To**

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To the right Honourable, *Edward*,  
 Earle of Dorset, *Richard*, Lord Buckhurst  
 his Son, and my truly honoured Friend,  
 Doctor *Samuel Turner*.

*Sermo Nonus.*

The Argument.

Man labouring like the Spider, when al's done,  
 'Tis but a simple Cobweb he hath spun.  
 The Epirot will with his Armies come  
 Abroad, to gaine what he enjoys at home.  
 Well may we learne of the industrious Ant,  
 To gather treasures 'gainst the time of want.  
 Such is that dreadfull day when all soules shall  
 In publike audience give account of all  
 Their life. The good mounting in heaven shall dwell,  
 The bad descenda downe to th' Abyſſe of Hell.

**W**OW does the Spider toile, and when al's done  
 'Tis but a silly cob web shee hath spun:  
 Worth nothing, of no durance, every blast  
 Can break it, with a dish of water cast,  
 It falls; or foone when shee makes cleane the  
 (roome  
 Sweeps downe the Cobweb, and with her long broome,  
 The Spider kills; from heavens embroydered hall,  
 The Angels see ( who with one act view all

That's



Thats done on earth, (so doe the Devils too,  
And crave such acts as to their nature due.)  
Fond men with the laborious Spider toile  
By day and night are troubled, keep a coile,  
To purchase Lands, and Titles, and all done,  
'Tis but a silly Cobweb they have spun.  
Your goods, your lands, your glorious titles be,  
Expos'd to Fortunes mutability.  
The Senates anger, or a Kings displeasure,  
Commands your liberty, life, honours, treasure.  
How many Princes, mounted even to th' top  
Of Fortunes wheele, have falne? and without hope  
Ever to rise; who but the other day,  
Ore many Nations had Monarchicke sway?  
How many wealthy men, even in our times,  
Either for reall or supposed Crimes,  
Have been dispos'd of all? and know no more  
Of their vast treasures, but that heretofore,  
They had abundance: And 'tis no reliefe,  
To have been happy, but a greater griefe.  
So rich men onely dreame of goods and lands,  
And waking graspe just nothing in their hands.  
A sicknesse soiles the choicest beauties grace,  
Time leaves his furrowes in the smoothest face.

*Psal. 76.*

*Plutarch in  
vita Pyrrhi.*

Wast not a frensie in the Epyrot  
To boast when his Victorious sword had got,  
Great Rome and Italie; he would wast ore,  
And land his forces on the Lybick shore.  
Africk subdu'd, hee'd conquer France and Spaine,  
Then Asia, and the Easterne Regions gaine.  
The sage Philosopher demanding leave,  
Thus does the haughty Pyrrhus deceive.  
'What title have you to invade these lands?  
'Tis not the number of acquirde commands  
'Makes Monarchs potent? rather such are weake,  
'Who in their Conquests lawes of justice breake.  
*Pyrrhus.* 'Doe not I lyneally claime my descent,  
'From great *Achilles*, who to Ilium went?

And

' And *Neoptolemus* his warlike son,  
 ' Who sackt the Citie of *Laomedon*.  
 ' I tell thee *Cineas* thy friend *Pyrrhus* springs  
 ' From *Alexander*, and *Molossian* Kings.  
 ' Who like *Joves* thunder through the world did flie,  
 ' Imp'd with the plumes of nimble Victorye  
 ' And of the East a speedy conquest made;  
 ' And had there been more worlds, my Kinsmans blade  
 ' Had all subdu'd. From great *Aeacides*,  
 ' My mother, from renowned *Hercules*  
 ' My father drawes his stem; from both my blood,  
 ' And both excite me to be great and good.  
 ' Feare argues basenesse, Demi-gods and Kings,  
 ' Are borne t' attempt, and act Heroick things.  
 ' Have I degenerated? did not these hands  
 ' Defeat *Demetrius*, and his bay-crownd bands?  
 ' When I was young, whose valour but mine owne  
 ' Worth could restore me to my Fathers throne?  
 Here *Cyneas* smiles, and pitying much his Prince,  
 (Pardon first beg'd, thus speakes without offence.  
 ' Ist not a folly (Sir) to vaunt of blood?  
 ' When such are onely Noble, who are good.  
 ' And tis a signe of small inherent worth,  
 ' When kin and cloathes are urg'd to set us forth.  
 ' True worth and vertue not by deed of gift  
 ' Or birth descend, but we must make a shift  
 ' To purchase 'em. Such are more noble, who  
 ' (First) raise a house, then they who (last) undoe.  
 ' As valiant deeds, so kindred then are best,  
 ' When others, not our selves the same shall test.  
 ' *Gaurus* cures any sicknesse, if not nam'd,  
 ' Speake *Gaurus*, and his Energie is main'd.  
 ' 'Tis brave to do exploitys worthy the Pen  
 ' Of *Homer*, and *Herodorus*, but then  
 ' Beware to be the trumpe of your owne praise,  
 ' Let Courts and Cottages your trophées blaze.  
 ' For noble vertue like some streame that's deepe,  
 ' A constant, but a silent course will keepe.

When



' When shallow Riv'lets, which on Pibles glide,  
 ' Make louder noice then Seas at a full tide.  
 ' Alive we build no Monuments of Fame;  
 ' To our owne memory, but leave the same  
 ' To progenie : The father tels his son,  
 ' The worthy acts his Ancestors have done :  
 ' So we acquire addition to our glory,  
 ' When we being silent others speake our story.

' But tell me (Prince) when what yo' intend is done,  
 ' And we have conquer'd all, where th' humble Sun  
 ' Declines and where hee gloriously appears :  
 ' How shall we spend the remnant of our yeares ?

' *Pyrhus* to this replies, Then comming back  
 ' To our native Land, wee free from cares drink Sack,  
 ' Fare jovially, consume the dayes and nights,  
 ' In banquets, revellings, and fresh delights.  
 ' Wearied with sports, our choifest Captive Dames,  
 ' Shall set our bloods on fire, then quench our flames.  
 ' The ayre, the land, the Ocean shall conspire,  
 ' To furnish us with what we two desire.

' Why all this stir ? why must we goe so far,  
 ' Expose our selves to th' hazard of a war ?  
 ' Suffer the heat of dayes, the cold of nights ?  
 ' Such Victories obtain'd enter new fights ?  
 ' Suppose we conquer Rome, Africk, Spaine, France,  
 ' In Asia our victorious flags advance,

' What have we got ? lets cast up our account,  
 ' To how much does the totall summe amount ?  
 ' That *Pyrhus* and his *Cineas* comming back,  
 ' To our native Land, may free from cares drink Sack,  
 ' Fare jovially, consume the dayes and nights,  
 ' In banquets, revellings, and fresh delights.

But cannot *Pyrhus* and his *Cineas* doe  
 All this in Spire ? why should we run through  
 So many dangers ; wherefore fight and rome ?  
 When we may have this happineffe at home.

O foolish mortals, senselesse cares of men,  
 To leave what we injoy d at home, and then

*Cineas.*

To seek't abroad, with losse of limbs, and lives,  
 Our daughters rapes, deflouring of our Wives.  
 Had we not peace? what have we got by wars?  
 But undone families, but death, but scars,  
 (The tests of civill fights) with English gore  
 Wee are forc'd to purchase what we had before,  
 And might have still enjoy'd, had we not been  
 Selfe-authors of our mischiefs, and brought in,  
 All the destructive plagues that wait upon  
 A Common-weale rent by dissention.  
 A state before indifferently good,  
 Turn'd shambles, an Acheldama of blood,  
 And slaughtered corps; 'tis true, before w' had many  
 Religions with us, now we scarce have any.  
 And what must be deplor'd with gushing teares,  
 Weake hopes of better, but of worse strong feares.

Yet now (with *Pyrrhus*) we have conquer'd all,  
 Lets buy strife in a just funerall.  
 As Christians ought, know the best end of blowes  
 Is clemencie, and to forgive our foes.  
 Such moderation *Cajus Caesar* made  
 More lov'd and fam'd then his victorious blade.  
 That conquer'd *Casars* foes; but mercy takes  
*Caesar*, and of himselfe a conquerour makes.  
 They're Wolves and Beares, who on dead Bodies pray.  
 The Lyon scornes a prostrate foe to slay.  
 Ist not Gods chiefest attribute to show  
 Much mercie to transgressours? such who know  
 To pardon injuries resemble God,  
 Who more delights in favours then the Rod.  
 And in the midst of's fury does assuage,  
 With clemency the rigour of his rage.  
 So when his doome strikes our first parents dead,  
 The Womans seed shall bruise the Serpents head.  
 And when the world is swallowed up in waves,  
 Just *Noah* and his Family God saves,  
 To be a future Nursery of men,  
 And to make populous the world agen.

Habac. 3.

Gen. 3.

Shall



shall sins against our selves be thought almost,  
 As great as sins against the Holy Ghost,  
 Ne're to be pardon'd? shall our children rue,  
 And childrens children (what they never knew )  
 Their Grandfires errors? If't erroneous be,  
 To serve, t'obey, to fight for Majesty.  
 Dare we presume we have a Deitie,  
 In us to cast on faults infinitie?  
 Are we not mortall men? and shall we beare  
 Immortall enmities? Will we not feare,  
 Like retributions at Gods hands? Can we  
 For sins against that supream Majesty,  
 Done by us vermine, who to God compar'd  
 Are nothing, hope by th' same God to be heard,  
 When we forgiveness aske for Talents ought,  
 Our selves forgiving not a petty fault?  
 Will nothing satisfie? but deaths, but bands,  
 But sequestrations of mens goods and lands,  
 Will we not feare? will we not stand in awe,  
 Of the like recompence? or Talions Law?  
 How did we handle *Strafford*? how grave *Laud*?  
 We made a rod for them; now the same rod,  
 Scourges our selves, as our owne Souldiers plead,  
 They trace our steps, who first this dance dar't lead.

How doe the Angels smile to see poore Ants,  
 More wise then the worlds chiefe inhabitants;  
 They toyle, they labour, gather here and there,  
 To hoard up graine against the following yeare:  
 When they are sure by winters frosts and raines,  
 To be belieg'd, therefore take all this paines,  
 To fortifie their hold; but man that knowes,  
 Not whether in the Sabbath, or the snowes  
 Of winter, he shall take his flight; (both times,  
 Unfit to travell into distant climes)  
 Provides not for his journie, scarce demands,  
 What coine goes currant in remoter Lands.  
 Sound faith, firme hope, love, hospitality,  
 Patience in trouble, meeknesse, piety.

*Matth.*

*Matth. 18.*

*The Arminian  
 remonstrance  
 concerning  
 the impeach-  
 ment, and  
 suspending of  
 the eleven  
 Members.*

*Matth. 24.*

*These*

These when our soule does the fraile body leave,  
Shall in eternall mansions it receive.

And when we all by th' Angels summond must  
Be reunited to our wonted dust,  
And Christ appeare in his majestick state  
Of glory, in the vale of *Josaphat*;  
Myriads of Angels waiting on their prince,  
(All of the Judges verdict in suspence.)  
These shall conduct you up to Christs right hand,  
Where without dread securely you shall stand,  
And see the Book of Consciences liad ope,  
And all our actions done under the Cope  
Of heaven made knowne, then heare the Judges votes,  
Remunerating Sheepe, condemning Goates.

' Ingratefull wretches why have you misus'd,  
' Those treasures I have given you, why abus'd?  
' Your stewardship, not knowing, or not caring,  
' How I to thousand others have been sparing,  
' To you most bountifull? your labours biest,  
' Your sheep, your oxen, and your stocks increast;  
' Your eares of corne yielding a hundred fold,  
' Your Ships return'd loaded with spice and gold.  
' And why all this? that your superfluous store,  
' Should finde out, pity, and relieve the poore.  
' Amongst the needy distribute your pelfe,  
' Whom I esteem'd my Brethren: more, my selfe.  
' But your boards furnish'd with choise Kates and Wines,  
' Distressed *Lazarus* at your threshold pines.  
' You strut in silks and purple, *Lazarus* begs  
' Your crums to satisfie his hunger, rags  
' To cloth his nakednesse, bind up his wounds,  
' But finds more mercifull then you, your Hounds.  
' You cruell men, what pleasure did you take?  
' When you could severall Goales and Prisons make  
' To torture poore offenders; as if God,  
' Had not for you as well a scourging rod,  
' As them: did ever your superfluous store,  
' Comfort a prisoner, or relieve the poore?



- How many starv'd in prisons thither sent,
- Even for no crimes, at your commandment ?
- And being petition'd for poore men in clogs,
- You cryde out, let 'em famish, hang 'em dogs.
- Thus you your Christian brethren did abuse,
- As if or they, or rather you were Jewes;
- Put in authority, you so did beare,
- With cruelty your state, as if you were,
- Not as are other men, but Wolves or Fiends,
- Still seeking blood for private splens, eand ends.
- Deafe to laments of others, with false lies,
- Detractions, slanders, feares, and jealousies,
- Cozoning the world; making the multitude,
- Your instruments in shedding guiltlesse blood.
- So at the Priests command, the rabble cride
- When I was judg'd, Let him be Crucifi'd.
- When help'd you widowes, and the fatherlesse?
- When gave you lodging to the harbourlesse?
- Wretches pack hence to subterranean vaults,
- Prepared for the Devils and their faults.

This sentence given; with flashes, and with thunder,  
The yawning earth shall forthwith rive a sunder,  
And swallowing in her jawes, convey to Hell  
The damn'd, who there eternally shall yell.  
And waile in flames their most accursed state,  
With Devils whom they here did imitate.

Christ gently turning toward's the elect his face,  
Speakes mildly, but with a Majestick grace.  
• You blessed of my Father, come, pertake  
• That kingdome, and those joyes which for your sake,  
• When the foundation of the world was layd,  
• By God predestinated were and made;  
• For when my members beg'd from dore to dore,  
• You gently did support them with your store:  
• When hungry, fed 'em, thirsty, gave 'em drinke,  
• Nor were you frighted with the loathsome stinke  
• Of cut-throat Goales, but when they lay in gives  
• Your supreme charitie, preserv'd their lives;

' When they were sick you ministred unto 'em;  
 ' When they were wounded, and the Priest not knew 'em;  
 ' Nor Levite, you like the true Samarite,  
 ' Taking compassion from your Horse did lide,  
 ' Bound up their wounds, and brought 'em to an Inne,  
 ' Which you had made an ample Magazin  
 ' Of Chirurgerie for the sick, and with much pity,  
 ' Erected Hospitals in every City.  
 ' And you who for profession of my word,  
 ' And Church, and faith, dreaded nor fire, nor sword;  
 ' Courageously shedding your noble blood,  
 ' Have swum with Israel through a crimson flood.  
 ' You sowed my Gospels seed the whole world ore,  
 ' And rain'd on it your owne fructiferous gore,  
 ' To make it grow; and deem'd it your chiefe fame,  
 ' To suffer ignominy for my Name.  
 ' You wept when you went forth to sow this seed,  
 ' But now with joy you shall receive your meed:  
 ' Bringing along with you those soules to Heaven,  
 ' To whom you faith have and salvation given.  
 ' You learned Doctors deckt with viridant bayes,  
 ' Shall issue forth as the fresh morne your raies.  
 ' You guided others in the way of right,  
 ' And now shall shine as stars ith' gloomy night.  
 This speech being ended with triumphant cries,  
 The judge, th' Angels, the Saints ascend the skies.

Acts 5.

Psalm 124.

Daniel 2.

All Roman triumphs were but silly toyes,  
 Or rather gaudy feastings of Schoole-boyes.  
 Compar'd to this, where Christ the King of Kings,  
 With him his captives, yet all conquerors brings,  
 Into the eternall Citie. (All had bin,  
 Made slaves to death, and Hell, and both by sin;)   
 ( They were enfranchiz'd by his precious blood,  
 On Golgoth shed, from this base servitude.  
 And fighting battailes of the God of hosts,  
 Subdu'd the world, the flesh, infernall Ghosts. )  
 For though the blessed Saints shall alwayes play,  
 ( Their life being one continued Holie-day. )  
 Yet shall their first ascent more glorious be,

And



And solemniz'd with more festivitie.  
The Hierarchies of Angels will attend,  
And entertaine obsequiously their friend,  
And fellow-sharer Man, leading the way,  
And as they mount, sing hymns, and sweetly play.  
What a magnifiquè spectacle shal't be?  
To behold every distinct Hierarchie,  
March in array, as if they went to win  
A battaile, or some Chadel take in.  
These Squadrons marching : of hiacinthine clouds,  
A stately Chariot made great Jesus shrowdes,  
And such his grandeur is, his beautie such,  
Angels of viewing him have nere too much.  
For now the glory of his soule, (which he  
Injoy'd even in this vail of misery )  
Reflecting on his comely face a light,  
Shall make it then the Sun ( at Noone ) more bright.  
The Angels gone before, the Saints shall follow,  
And Epinician acclamations hollow.  
Apostles, Martyrs, (their fronts crown'd with bayes,  
Shall blithly chaunt their grand Commanders praise.  
The Patriarcks, Prophets, Doctors, Maides conspire,  
With choicest voyces to make up the Quire.  
Roses at every passage, as they goe,  
And Violets on Jesus head they throw :  
As if the welkin now turn'd Aprill Spring,  
Would pay the latest tribute to its King.  
The Airie Regions eccho in the eares,  
Of our Musicians, what th<sup>e</sup> harmonious Spheres  
Sweetly deliver; melodie of Lutes,  
Viols, Theorbos, Clarions, Trumpets, Flutes.

This glorious sight so wondrously shall scare,  
The Sun, the Moone, and every lesser Star,  
That all the glittering Tapers, which cause day  
And night, amaz'd perpetually shall stay  
In the same Zenith; no more shoot their beames,  
By winding motions of their Orbed Temes.  
Hoping (although such hopes will be in vaine,)  
They shall behold the selfe same show againe.

2 Pet. 1.

*The condition  
of this  
world af-  
ter the day of  
judgements.*

Apoc. 16.

To the truly Noble, and Virtuouse Lady, *Honorie*, Marchionesse of Winchester.

*In Sermonem Quintum.*

**V**Hy did God labour when he made the Court  
Of Heaven so glorious? wherefore in such sort  
Did he adorne it? wherefore take a mold,  
Better then this terrestriall we behold,  
For the Materiall? furnish it with light,

Of all the scattered Tapers of the night,  
And that eternall Torch the Sun? let's breake  
Into Gods Cabinet councell, and then speake  
Freely our sense. He meant a house to make,  
For th' Angels and blest Saints, and for their sake,  
Mansions prepare with all magnificence,  
To please the eye, and pleasure every sense.

And may we not imagine that God aym'd  
At the same end? when with such Art he fram'd,  
Your beaurious selfe, proportion'd limbs, a face  
Most amiable, and a peculiar grace,  
In all your actions. Did God idely take  
Such paines in the composure? No; hee'd make  
A curious Palace for a spirit divine,  
Which seriously should emulate the Nine  
Orders of Angels, and as they doe move,  
In the same Orbe of a Seraphick Love.  
A sumptuous Court to entertaine a Soule,  
That mounting to its Centre, should controule,  
Terrene affections: As you firmly stand,  
When Apollitack Scenes through the whole Land,  
Are dayly acted; and ith' gloomie night,  
Of more then Decian Temp. st. shine more bright.  
( Though *Noahs* streames to th' multitude prov'd graves,  
Yet like his Arke, You're raisde to Heaven by waves. )  
And we dare say, not idolizing You,  
Nor flattering, but with confidence what's true,  
G O D fram'd your specious Outside, and ordain'd,  
A fairer Soule should in't be entertain'd.  
Which guiding for a while, that ordred Sphere,  
Should afterwards ascend to Heaven, and there,  
Fixt a bright Constellation with your rayes,  
Direct our Ladies in their nobler wayes.



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